What Scarred Johnson *Murray Kempton*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

February 1, 1964, 35 cents

Berenson's Diaries

Victor Lange

De Gaulle and Red China

Jean Daniel

Dean Swift in Our Century

Stanley Kauffmann

The Tax Deviates

Philip M. Stern

12-64 K26744 AR11-13-1
UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
LIBRARY
BURLINGTON VT

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B. *from Washington*

Press Pals

★ Marguerite Higgins, the columnist, had a little luncheon the other day for Bill Moyers, and Bill brought along a friend. Bill works at the White House, and the "friend" he brought along was President Johnson. All went happily for a couple of hours except that it was a bit tough for Marguerite Higgins' husband. As the story goes, when he arrived at the 24th Street house the security guards wouldn't let him in. "Who are you?" they asked. "Well, I own the place," said Lt.-Gen. William E. Hall defensively. Ultimately he was admitted.

Some of these stories get into print and some don't. There was the personal call on Walter Lippmann; the separate congratulatory telephone calls to Drew Pearson on his birthday by Mr. and Mrs. Johnson; the sending of the private Johnson plane to bring *NYTimes*-man Scotty Reston and his wife over from Dallas to the LBJ ranch at Austin. The President always has a telephone in his hand. He congratulated *Washington Star* reporter Cecil Holland on an early budget story, grew angry at an AP reporter; how many times he has called up home offices and bawled out writers for articles nobody knows. The Capital quickly hears about them.

For a time this familiarity pleases the press; then it generally turns sour. In the great Washington whispering gallery confidences get violated. A breach widens. The new occupant of the White House learns at last the loneliness of the Presidency. It is going to be particularly hard on Mr. Johnson, we believe, most of whose troubles are just beginning.

To begin with it is distressful to find that Mr. Johnson, after all these years, does not know the press better. His proper indicated attitude is of polite aloofness. There is, at base, an adversary relationship between press and President; each trying to use the other. There may be a few exceptions; but these White House confidants are immediately known, and dangerous. People read particular writers and say, "Aha, that is what LBJ is thinking."

President Johnson brings temperamental difficulties to his task; difficulties that can make his work vastly harder, and that could ruin him. To begin with, he works too hard. He has dynamic energy and a heart condition. As we have just been reminded by the agent who placed the Johnson insurance after his heart attack – Don B. Reynolds, a pal of Bobby Baker (and Baker got a rake-off on the business he inspired) – Senator Johnson was in a special risk category, a "hazardous rate" case, who paid a high premium to get his three policies of $200,000. The heart muscle has amazing recuperative power, doctors say, but just the same, Mr. Johnson ought to slow down. After all, he is the only man that stands between us and Speaker McCormack.

In his old Senate days we always thought of him as a machine with an oversize motor racking its body with vibrations or, to change the metaphor, a caged tiger, pacing everlastingly behind the barrier of physical limitations, and taking it out on his subordinates.

President Johnson has another big fault; he reads newspapers. He reads maybe 15 a day. He ought to stop right off. He is one of the most thin-skinned and sensitive men who ever paced the Lincoln Study, and he should not be permitted to see criticism because he writhes under it, and tries to do something about it.

(How much better the Eisenhower way! He didn't read papers or, if he did and found anything critical, he knew it was beneath contempt. After the mild routine of his day he got into a kind of mental rowboat and rowed off to an island where sometimes Jim Haggerty or Sherman Adams could communicate with him, sometimes not.)

The Baker Bomb

★ As we wrote earlier, the Bobby Baker case was bound to explode. It has been like an electric rod gradually building up potential till finally the spark jumped from the Senate committee to the White House. Unfortunately, Majority Leader Johnson had under his service a bright young ex-page boy, Bobby Baker, who appears to have taken kick-backs, or payola, or whatever you call it, with a kind of get-rich zest which he seems to have interpreted as embodying the spirit of Congress itself. It is a sad business, and Mr. Johnson cannot extricate himself from partial responsibility in having such a person as Baker around. Mr. Johnson hasn't yet had a formal press conference in Washington. Don Reynolds, the agent who wrote his life insurance, sent him an expensive hi-fi set, and bought $1,200 advertising on the Johnson monopoly TV station in Austin, Texas (a city of 200,000 with only one station). It smells like payola, but the White House says, "no." Tension builds up when reporters can't ask the President direct questions on such matters.

Stocks and Bonds

★ We always enjoy the President's annual economic report. We know of nothing nicer than to curl up before an open fire on a winter's night with the snow outside and a glass of upstate New York port at our hand (we prefer that to Californian) and 103 pages of lovely statistics to run over at the back of the President's report.

Dull? Nonsense! Take the table of bond yields, for example. Bond yields are up again. They are listed soberly on down from 1929, the year of the crash. For Moody's corporate bonds, Aaa, you averaged 4.35 percent return this December. But if you bought stocks (average dividend yield, Standard & Poor's 300 common stocks) you got only 3.14 percent.

What does it mean? Why, it means that the present stock market is probably too high. Stocks normally yield more than bonds, because of their greater risk. In 1950, for example, bonds yielded only 2.62 percent; stocks 6.57 percent. But today the euphoric public has bid up stock prices to a point where dividends have little relationship to reality. (They will probably go higher.) Somebody pulled the plug out briefly in 1962, but the ratio is now back again, more askew than ever.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 150 Number 5 Issue 2567 February 1, 1964*
Published weekly (except July and August when it is biweekly) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington 36, D. C. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 35c. Yearly subscription, $8.00; Foreign, $9.00, Armed Forces personnel or students, $6.50. Advertising rates upon request. Subscribers desiring change of address should notify us at least three weeks in advance. Include old and new address. Copyright© 1964 by Harrison-Blaine, Inc. Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature.

CONTENTS

THE WEEK – Not Done With Mirrors; Goldwater's Law; Recognizing China; The Panama Crisis 3-6

The Bloody Ground of Texas Politics – *Murray Kempton* 6

FOREIGN REPORT – Africa: Looking for a Lenin 8

De Gaulle and Red China – *Jean Daniel* 9
The Tax Deviates – *Philip M. Stern* 11
Paying for Education – *Christopher Jencks* 13

"Sunset and Twilight" *Reviewed by Victor Lange* 17
"Britain's Moment in the Middle East" *Reviewed by Richard H. Nolte* 19
"Ideas and Integrities: A Spontaneous Autobiographical Disclosure"; "Architecture in Transition" *Reviewed by Wolf Von Eckardt* 22
Films *by Stanley Kauffmann* 26
Theater *by Robert Brustein* 28

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Editors – Robert Evett, Murray Kempton
Associate Editor – James Ridgeway
Assistant to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin
Copy Editor – Lucille Davis

Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Asher Brynes, Helen Fuller, Frank Getlein, B. H. Haggin, Morton H. Halperin, Irving Howe, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, Stanley Kauffmann, Charles Burton Marshall, Helen Hill Miller

Publisher – Robert B. Luce
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
New York Advertising Representative – Gene Andrewski, 40 West 53rd Street, New York 19, New York

Not Done With Mirrors

President Johnson's Budget is not a trick. He really can save some half a billion dollars, compared with the current fiscal year, yet spend about a billion dollars more on welfare and education programs. But it means cutting federal payments for agriculture by $1.3 billion, as well as cutting defense spending by a like amount. There are about 100,000 fewer farms in the US each year, yet the President's Budget Message mentioned crop surpluses, inadequate farm income, underemployed rural people and improper land use. Mr. Johnson's recommendations for farm legislation will make interesting reading.

What the President's Economic Report says in substance is that 1963 was a good year and 1964 can be good too if he gets his $11 billion tax cut. If he does not, then not only will the Gross National Product fall short of the 1964 target of $623 billion by $10 or $15 billion, but there will be a real risk of a recession, with over 6 million unemployed and a $25 billion loss of output. Without a tax cut, a reversal of the long economic upswing is likely, because in the months ahead the demand for homes and cars is expected to slacken. Private capital spending has got the economists worried, because it stays sluggish in spite of a huge, 44 percent rise in corporate profits in only three years. Also of course the tax cut is needed to offset the smaller Budget's effect on demand: government expenditures in 1964 will not increase by as much as in previous years. The theory of the tax cut is that consumers and businessmen will both be encouraged by it to spend more; they will step in where government fears to tread, and this will not result in wicked inflation – which is what government spending is supposed to do – but will sustain a permanent, higher average rate of growth for the entire economy. What is bound to strike some as curious is that private business in spite of its large increased profits has not been investing enough either to reduce unemployment or to keep plants from being idle. The President's Economic Report says that operating rates in manufacturing still average only 87 percent of capacity, and that the men, machines and materials that lie idle today could readily add about $30 billion more to the country's $600 billion GNP.

The average man or woman apparently has not been spending enough either, but the reason seems painfully clear. The Economic Report says that average wage rate increases over the period 1961-63 were the most modest since World War II. Real disposable income per family went up eight percent (compared with the 44 percent rise

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in profits). A top fifth of US families get 42 percent of total personal income; the bottom fifth get a miserable five percent of the same total.

President Johnson asks for price and wage restraint in 1964, and has re-emphasized wage and price guidelines based on productivity. He says he intends to maintain close watch on prices and wages by means of an "early warning system." If either business or labor threatens the public interest by defying the guidelines, they are apparently going to hear about it from the White House. But with so much unused capacity lying around, is inflation through price or wage increases really the danger? Unemployment seems chronically set at around 5 1/2 percent of the labor force. It is hoped to reduce this to around five percent by the end of the year, with the help of the tax cut. But it seems a long time since an Administration set up as an "interim" target an unemployment rate of four percent, to be reached as fast as possible, and then improved upon. The Economic Report sets no date for getting unemployment down to four percent, though the President says at the very beginning of his message that he is "proud to respond to the challenge to promote maximum employment, production and purchasing power." That challenge was first made, in those words, in the Employment Act of 1946 – 18 years ago. And even a four percent unemployment rate means a distressingly large number of people without a livelihood in our affluent society.

The tax cut is to be the prime mover toward faster economic growth, which in turn is offered as the answer to general unemployment. Structural unemployment – workers living where there are no longer jobs, or with skills no longer wanted – is to be tackled by job retraining, area redevelopment, and better placing services. Mr. Johnson also wants Congress to help spread work by jacking up the cost of overtime, but at the same time he opposes a shorter working week. The Report does not dig deeply into the problem of automation, though the Council of Economic Advisers throws up the startling figure of 2 million new jobs needed each year in order for employment to keep pace with the labor-saving effects of rising output per worker. A commission is to investigate automation and its effects. Perhaps it will report in time to enable those who are to be rehabilitated from poverty by education and in other ways to earn their own keep and not need to be subsidized; which is hardly possible while jobs are vanishing faster than they can be created. Meanwhile, the figures of rapidly rising profits and productivity may not incline workers to go on being modest about wage increases. Even with existing heavy unemployment, President Johnson may find himself encountering strong resistance from the unions if not from business over the proposed productivity guidelines.

Goldwater's Law

It seems appropriate to quote George Herbert, the 17th-Century English metaphysical poet, in connection with our own 17th-Century metaphysician, Barry Goldwater. "The ignorant," Herbert wrote, "hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes."

The junior Senator from Arizona, his state's most famous jet pilot, has a remarkable talent for flying at breakneck speed into the face of facts; and he was never more owlish than on the night of January 15 when he spoke in New York (Manhattan, not Newburgh) on poverty and social welfare. Here he evolved a kind of law that says that the more money spent on the poor, the poorer they get. He declared that relief programs could only institutionalize poverty, rather than terminate it.

The most piquant test of Goldwater's Law of Poverty might be in his own state of Arizona, where the median income (1959) is higher than that of the country as a whole; it has a larger proportion of its population living on family incomes of $10,000 or more. But it contributes less per head to welfare work than do Arkansas and Alaska. Nationally, the federal government pays 55.3 percent of all welfare costs; Arizona accepts a larger percentage of welfare money from Washington – 68.3 percent.

Yet 98 percent of Arizona social workers have no regular professional training and their average case load is 200.

What are the effects of this demonstration of Barry's Law? Arizona has one of the highest infant mortality rates in the US; it also has one of the highest ratios of young people not in school. As well as having more rich people in proportion to its population than other states, it has more families who live on $1,000 a year or less – 70 cents a day per person for food, rent, clothing, medical care, etc.

Senator Goldwater attributed much of American poverty to "low intelligence or low ambition." He said: "We are told that many people lack skills and cannot find jobs because they did not have an education. That's like saying that people have big feet because they wear big shoes. The fact is that most people who have no skill, have had no education for the same reason – low intelligence or low ambition." An outsider might think that since Arizona has more than its share of the poor, the Senator's constituents must be extraordinarily stupid or unenterprising. This would be unkind and untrue. It so happens that one of the more significant welfare experiments in the country was conducted in Goldwater's home town. In 1961, Howard V. Jessop, director of the Maricopa County Welfare Department, in Phoenix, divided 400 welfare cases into two lots. He assigned 200 of them to the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

regular social workers, with ordinary case loads of 200-to-400 per worker, and the other 200 to social workers who had at least one year of graduate training and who for this period had a case load of 40 each.

After five months, 23 percent of the latter cases were off welfare. Their medical problems were cared for, and their schooling was resumed or jobs had been found for them. The net saving to Senator Goldwater's home county of spending more, not less, on welfare was $5,700 a month.

Recognizing China

It would have been nice of General de Gaulle to delay recognizing Communist China until after the American elections, or at least until it could be known how much damage Chou En-lai has done in Africa on his recent trip. What's the hurry? The other West European nations which recognize Peking – Great Britain, Denmark, Netherlands, Norway, Sweden, and Switzerland – did so long ago, in 1950, simply because, like Mount Everest, China was *there*. But General de Gaulle has not got where he is by being nice, and it is somewhat unfair to expect him to wait until he has the green light from Washington. Signals from Washington insofar as traffic with Peking is concerned were, are, and so far as anyone can tell always will be a cautionary amber.

The action of France will no doubt hasten the entry of China into the UN, and why not? What sense has it made for mainland China to be excluded, for example, from the UN's Economic Commission for Asia and the Far East (the "economic parliament of Asia")? Fourteen years and a lot of futile discussions about arms control have passed since John Foster Dulles said that "we ought to be willing that all the nations should be members without attempting to appraise closely those which are 'good' and those which are 'bad' "; and that "if the Communist government of China in fact proves its ability to govern China without serious domestic resistance, then it, too, should be admitted to the United Nations." In the intervening years, the US-sponsored diplomatic and economic quarantine of China has neither weakened the Communists' grip on the mainland, nor their appeal to "anti-imperialists" abroad.

It would be nice, also, if in Peking and in Taipei the ruling powers would permit General de Gaulle to acknowledge that the real government of China is, after all, the government of real China, without requiring him to break off all diplomatic contact with Taiwan. But how can the Nationalist Chinese permit this without admitting the hollowness of their claim to represent China? True, Great Britain has recognized Peking and still kept some contact with the Nationalist Chinese. But that has only been possible (and it has not worked too well) because the British have had a consulate on Taiwan since the early part of the 19th Century. When the Nationalist Chinese moved from the mainland to the island, the British simply left the existing situation undisturbed.

It may not be possible until Chiang Kai-shek has gone for his associates to accept the reality of their situation. That reality is that they have no long-term future except as leaders of an independent state of Taiwan. A sovereign Taiwan might not be recognized by China, but, like China, it could exist nevertheless. It could belong to the UN. Insofar as its security is threatened, it could continue to enjoy the protection of the US Seventh Fleet, or, even better, police protection underwritten by a number of nations. Its economy could benefit from outside help, as in the past, and especially from the United States, though it would no longer need the massive military aid that has so long nourished Chiang's self-deception.

The Panama Crisis

Politics is frequently defined as the art of the possible. It could be more accurately defined as the art of finding proximate solutions for insoluble problems, because the political order is both a moral order and a contest of power. And that power today is very unevenly distributed. Thus, two giant super-nations share the earth with African babies and dwarfs like Panama.

The crisis between the US and Panama will not be solved by anything that Panama will agree is "just." Some Panamanian statements suggest that only complete Panamanian acquisition of the Canal will do; even a partnership in the ownership of the Canal might not satisfy them, and certainly would not satisfy us. An "advisory committee" for the Canal, consisting of members of the OAS has been suggested. But the instability of Latin American politics would seem to rule that out.

Perhaps even a proximate solution is impossible if we do not welcome this crisis as a flash of light to a sleeping American giant too drugged by his sense of a messianic mission to sense the perils of great power. Did we not outrage the Europeans in the Suez crisis when Mr. Dulles explained our unconcern about the European lifeline by observing that we were free of the "colonial tradition"? No doubt the British smile at our present embarrassment, unless they fear to offend a super-imperial anti-imperialist.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We are embarrassed to have the Panama affair remind the world of our venture in overt imperialism – the Spanish-American War, when we "inadvertently" found ourselves in possession of both a Pacific and Caribbean empire, and needed the Canal through Panama for strategic reasons. The Panamanian rebels against Colombia knew what Teddy Roosevelt wanted, and our gunboats were providentially present to support them. We were the first to recognize their independent nationhood. We built the Canal on their territory, and subsequently signed the now disputed treaty with them giving us a perpetual lease. How ungrateful of Panama not to recognize us as the authors of their independence. Yet, illegitimate sons are not frequently fond of their fathers.

An account of this history will seem like an anti-imperialist tirade, unless we remind ourselves that responsibility is implicit in power, and frequently motivates its quest. Our economic power and technical skill, and our strategic necessities were responsible for the building of the Canal. Our General Goethals conquered the malarial fevers which infested the zone. Our ambitions redounded to the benefit of world trade, as well as to our strategic and economic benefits. Panama could not have done anything about these achievements; even now it is a rather miserable version of Latin American democracy, imposed on traditional feudalism with its rich landlords and its poverty-stricken peasants. They agree only in their anti-Americanism, the former using us as a scapegoat to deflect the resentments of the latter. Since the Second World War, six Presidents have been deposed by revolution and one has been assassinated. Would it not be very risky to entrust even a partnership to this shaky example of a sovereign state?

But the territory of the Canal is indubitably the property of Panama. Whatever possessed us to imply, by permitting only our flag to fly, that Panama was not "sovereign" in its own territory?

We equalized the wages of American and Panamanian workers on the Canal. What more do they want? Perhaps we ought to offer technical training to enable a larger number of nationals to be employed on the Canal. Egyptian pilots have proved efficient in Suez. Also, our annual rent to Panama of $2 million seems penurious by today's money values.

Of course a tolerable solution will not be found until after the elections. Weak and strong democracies, whatever their differences, have this in common: They must not be, or appear to be, too generous before an election. Generosity is possible for nations only when political adversaries of responsible officials are quieted by the forgetfulness of the public; and perhaps by the beneficent consequences of the abhorred generosity.

REINHOLD NIEBUHR

The Bloody Ground of Texas Politics

President Johnson entered the White House with a place in our national letters which no President before him could claim. Mr. Kennedy was the first President who was elected after winning a Pulitzer Prize in history; but Mr. Johnson must be our first President to assume office having already been the model for the hero of a novel.

William Brammer's *The Gay Place** is a Texas novel held together by the immense, mythic presence of Governor Arthur Goddam Fenstermaker, whose model beneath a few splashes of extra paint is, substantially, former Senator Lyndon Johnson. Brammer worked on the Senator's Washington staff from 1955 to 1960. This staff had a hundred members, with degrees of commitment ranging from the winter patriots, embodied by Bobby Baker, whose habit it was to begin all converse with Senator Johnson with the greeting "Hey . . ., Leaduh," down to the sunshine soldiers represented by those who referred to their captain as "The Big Pumpkin."

In *The Gay Place* Brammer altered Senator Johnson – or perhaps the character insisted on altering himself – to make him older, kindlier and less compulsive, with elements of the late Speaker Rayburn. Governor Fenstermaker is more Southern than Lyndon Johnson; he is immeasurably more vulnerable to the antic impulse than either Mr. Johnson or Mr. Rayburn would ever have allowed themselves to be; Earl Long is an element in the composition.

At the end of the novel, Brammer faced the problem of disposing of Arthur Fenstermaker, and killed him off in the embrace of one of his secretaries. It is not a device of which Brammer, grown older, is especially proud, although it does have one source in the necrology of Southern governors. The peculiar circumstances of Fenstermaker's decease have not the smallest point of parallel in either the fundamental character or the most transient interests of Mr. Johnson. Still that last scene, among others, seems to have left the Johnsons contemplating their elevation into the American novel with no emotion except that of having entertained angels unaware and been thoroughly ill-used in return.

After publication, while Brammer was traveling with the Vice President as a *Time* correspondent, Johnson said, quite out of the blue: "I tried reading your novel, Billy, but I couldn't get past the first 10 pages because of all the dirty words." After Mr. Johnson entered the

*Houghton-Mifflin (1961, $4.95)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

White House, the editor of one ladies' magazine thought to commission Brammer for an article on the President's family. Mrs. Johnson to whom, by all accounts, grace is absolutely natural and the suppression of rancor a point of pride, is reported to have replied that, alone among journalists, Brammer is unacceptable.

Mr. Johnson seems to have particular difficulty in forgiving Brammer because Governor Fenstermaker-Johnson-Rayburn-Long comes across as so vulgar a man. Yet if decorum of speech and gesture had really been fundamental to his image of himself, Mr. Johnson would have worked it up long ago and by now be as stately and measured as Senator Gore. The one thing, however, that has really been important to Mr. Johnson is to be recognized as the big man he is. What, excepting patriotism, could have carried him through a political career which was for years more chancy than comfortable, except the dream of taking an accepted place, not as a graceful or a cultivated man, but as a really big one? Yet he is affronted by *The Gay Place*, even though nothing has been published before now which conveys a sense of Fenstermaker-Johnson's sheer bulk with the conviction of Brammer's conception. The conquering Fenstermaker-Johnson swells larger than all of Texas. To be virtuous is another thing truly important to Mr. Johnson's image of himself; Fenstermaker-Johnson swells for the glory of God and the good of mankind.

"It's not much of a bill," he on one occasion tells the editor of Texas' solitary radical weekly. "But it will close up some of the worst places. And you can help me, Willie. Oppose the goddam bill. But just a little bit, you understand. . . . You raise hell and your bunch won't go along. They ll introduce their own bill askin' for the aurora borealis. I need their votes too. Just oppose it a little bit – oppose it on principle."

Brammer's few liberals in the Texas legislature run heavily to the sons of substantial country families who send them to the legislature by buying Mexican votes in bloc. Their impulse is anything but Populist; their round is a succession of ruttings and bouts of self-hatred and curses on Fenstermaker-Johnson.

Roy Sherwood, one of these lost young men, enlists with Governor Fenstermaker-Johnson to help pass an education bill, which is meager enough to be an object of liberal scorn. But the master says, "Somethin's better than nothing. Half a loaf? Slice of God-dammed bread even." Roy Sherwood is gratified when the Speaker suddenly gives his education bill a high place on the legislative calendar. "He's a reasonable and honorable man, Roy," the governor explains, "all I had to do was threaten to ruin him."

"Fenstermaker's bought you off," the liberal bloc's floor leader cries out. But Sherwood can endure these charges of treason because he knows they come from a man whom the governor has just caught taking a bribe from a small-loan lobbyist.

"There was old Fenstermaker," Roy Sherwood thinks, reflecting on the common defilement of them all. "Could he be corrupted – had he been corrupted? He hadn't time. Too busy tending to things. He could corrupt all right . . . he sold things . . . people . . . but never himself."

We define Brammer's despair about Texas when we recognize that he can see no hope for it except from this necromancer – blackmailing, dealing by the back door, listening in on telephone calls. Fenstermaker-Johnson goes into the pit every day and from no impulse except personal and social kindness. He finds a forgotten ex-legislator and makes him a Senator and contrives his re-election. Only Fenstermaker-Johnson remembers how this exile had been driven from the legislature because his brother had been denounced as a Communist. Now he is salvaged. "You can go back to Washington," says Arthur Fenstermaker-Johnson, "and vote that economic aid and lower the interest rate and maybe even get a nigger bill through."

He wanders protected from the beasts who vote just by his talisman until he comes to a place where men are too passionate to sit quiet and be fooled any longer. Something like the NAACP gets a desegregation court order; something like the White Citizens Council calls a mass meeting to prepare a march on the State Capitol. Arthur Fenstermaker-Johnson calls the Negroes: "We can reason together. . . . I've been what you bastards call a moderate. They'll crucify me, and there'll be nothing moderate about who happens to be the next governor."

A National Politician

Arthur Fenstermaker can be believed only if he is made older than Lyndon Johnson and past any hope of being elected outside of Texas; he endures because he can remember a time before the millionaires came. But Lyndon Johnson has had to engage and survive a time when the regional speech was dying; and when more and more Texas was coming to be different from the rest of America only as a wide color screen is different from an ordinary black-and-white one. Right at that point Lyndon Johnson decided to try and be, not a regional, but a national politician. He made that gamble first in 1952, when he seemed alone. He was distrusted by the rest of the country because he was a Texan; he was disliked by the Eisenhower Democrats because he had not done what every respectable citizen had done and bolted his party. He was detested by the Stevenson Democrats because they suspected that he had stuck with them only to seize the wreckage of their party and sell it for salvage.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Unlike Fenstermaker, Johnson survived. But he could not have if the oil men had not decided that they would not oppose his return to the Senate, not because he was a Paladin there, but because there was no one they knew who could wheedle and wangle the way Lyndon could. Mr. Johnson is a proud man; he cannot have forgotten that he came back to Washington in 1954 because the businessmen who could have mounted his destruction instead found him useful by a measure they would have applied to a used car salesman.

He came through those years on that bloody ground living by his wits in hostile country. There must be parts of him that hate Texas. Now he comes to us, free at last. If he is not wounded, he is certainly scarred from this incessant battle just to stay alive as a politician. It is hard to blame him for the wish that he could clean off every trace of what he has come through.

MURRAY KEMPTON

FOREIGN REPORT

AFRICA: *Looking for a Lenin*

★ As his grand tour of Africa unfolds it becomes plain that Chou En-lai, the Chinese Prime Minister, has two main aims: to win diplomatic recognition of China from as many as possible of Africa's new "bourgeois" black rulers, and at the same time to try to find black Lenins (or Stalins) who will wage real revolution.

The rebellion in Tanganyika and the overthrow of the Zanzibar government after the isle of spices was independent for only a month suggest Africa is moving left.

In Algeria, Chou En-lai met scores of African revolutionists, from South Africa, Angola, Mozambique and elsewhere. With some he had lengthy conferences behind closed doors.

Algeria since independence has become by far the most active center for the revolutionary movements of Africa. African guerrilla fighters are being secretly trained there. Revolutionaries and political dreamers get allowances and offices.

During Chou En-lai's visit to Algeria, Khrushchev met an Algerian delegation to the Kremlin and released a 9,000 word "interview" with them which stressed that the Soviet Union is not "soft" on imperialism. An obvious message to Algerian President Ben Bella: "Don't believe anything the Chinese tell you."

But Chou En-lai offered to build Sahara highways from the Mediterranean to Mali and Chad. This fascinated the Algerian ruler. Ben Bella dreams of reviving the old north-south routes across the Sahara as a channel for revolutionary ideas as well as trade.

Khrushchev may follow shortly in Chou En-lai's footsteps, visiting North Africa as well as Arabia. But the obvious tug-of-war between the two Communist leaders can bring no consolation to those who had hoped to see a democratic Africa arise from the ashes of colonialism. Some of the African leaders whom independence brought to power are already isolated, by fear, from their own people. Announcing last month that Uganda is to be a one-party state, Prime Minister Milton A. Obote observed, "Organized opposition against the government is a typical capitalist notion."

East Africa could become another Congo, but with the Chinese offering their support to the left wingers in Zanzibar and in Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda, as the Russians are said to have tried to back Congolese leaders like Lumumba and Gizenga. Abdul Rahman Mohamed Babu, the foreign minister of the new government in Zanzibar, pledged loyalty to Peking as long ago as last fall, in an article that he wrote for a magazine, called *Revolution*, that is published in Paris in French, English and Spanish.

The people who edit and write for *Revolution* are said to form the nexus of pro-Peking Communists in Europe and in Africa. They are the ones who feel that "orthodox," pro-Russian Communists have turned soft and bourgeois: they are the equivalents, in the Sixties, of the diehards who, over 40 years ago, grouped themselves around Lenin, and became the Bolsheviks. *Revolution* keeps closely in touch with such like-minded publications as *Spark*, which is published by the militant leftists in Ghana. *Iskra*, which means

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Spark," was the name of the first newspaper that Lenin founded. *Revolution* was started by Jacques Verges, a young French Communist who joined the Algerian "underground" in France and who also fought in Algeria itself, with an Algerian unit against French troops. Verges worked for the Algerian government until last May, when he visited Peking, talked with Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese leaders, then returned to Paris to edit *Revolution*. The 50-odd countries of Africa present a vast dismaying panorama of political disarray that has followed hard on the heels of the end of empires. Much of the confusion was probably inevitable; but the emerging pattern tends toward personal despotisms wearing Marxist rags and tatters. The Central African Republic (one shepherd, one flock: opposition is treason), Chad, Niger, Mali, Ghana, Guinea and Senegal all are one-party states with "socialist" bosses. The two Congos have banished anarchy by substituting government by decree, as the Sudan's military rulers did earlier. In a dissolving continent, only Ethiopia and Liberia seem unchanged: the former ruled by an all-powerful Emperor, and Liberia by the semi-dictatorial "True Whig Party" of President Tubman, the friend of Firestone. South Africa, Angola and Mozambique are still white-ruled; but Mozambique is threatened by guerrilla war and Angola has not one, but two rival, African rebel movements. Nigeria, in West Africa, where lives one African in every five, is less stable than it seems: ruled by a fragile coalition, its political story has become embroidered with plots and with jail sentences for dissidents. Copper-rich Northern Rhodesia may tread the same factional path, while the wind of violence that blew from Zanzibar into Tanganyika could stir up racial and other passions in Mau-Mau Kenya and in adjoining Uganda.

"HE BELIEVES IN EMPIRES, NOT IN IDEOLOGIES"

De Gaulle and Red China

Paris

It is now known, not only in Paris and Peking, but also in Washington and Moscow, that before long France and Red China will have resumed normal diplomatic relations. General de Gaulle has made his decision clear to Dean Rusk; the French Minister of Foreign Affairs has passed the word along to the Soviet Ambassador in France, Mr. Vinogradov. Both the US and the Soviet emissaries are most unhappy with this news, and the French government has privately taken sly satisfaction in pointing out how closely the American and Soviet reactions parallel each other. This is taken as proof that the "hot line" between the White House and the Kremlin is operating smoothly. From de Gaulle's viewpoint, if a decision arouses joint opposition of two diametrically opposed ideologies, there is every chance that the decision will turn out to be an excellent one.

For the first time, the President of the French Republic has taken very great pains to see that his position is got across unmistakably to the United States. This is no longer a matter – as was formerly the case – of diluting and toning down aggressive statements through the intercession of ministers or ambassadors. Events, de Gaulle believes, have fully confirmed the soundness of French theories (affirmed since 1959) on the rifts in the solidarity of the Communist world. The Gaullist viewpoint is as follows: twice France has learned by direct experience that in settling the problems of Southeast Asia, it was a sheer waste of time to negotiate with the Soviet Union and that, contrariwise, negotiations moved rapidly toward an effective conclusion as soon as Mao Tse-tung's representatives were present. In 1954, in connection with the partitioning of Indochina, Pierre Mendès-France, then Premier of the Council of Ministers, soon realized that nothing could be accomplished without Red China. In 1961 and 1962, M. Couvé de Murville confirmed anew the importance of Chinese influence in the discussions which ended with the neutralizing of Laos.

The political stance of France in Asia is not inspired solely by a Gaullist yearning to play a role in a distant part of the world where France once had great interests and where it now feels that the United States is failing seriously. Nor can de Gaulle's policy be attributed simply to a perverse and deeply-rooted desire to create as many difficulties as possible for the United States, particularly during an election year. No matter what one thinks of French foreign policy, it must be recognized that at a time when France had no difficulties of any sort with the United States, de Gaulle anticipated, with brilliant foresight, the crisis which did in fact

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"With My Brains and Your Brawn. . . ."

occur in the relations between Russia and Red China; he foresaw too the Russian trend toward coexistence, the rebirth of nationalism among the various people's democracies of East Europe; in short, a whole new division of the world on the basis of differences in development rather than differences in ideology.

Ever since 1959, de Gaulle has contended that the emergence of new relations among the various Communist countries would have a profound effect on the relations of these same Communist nations with the Free World. He has constructed an historical creed around this theme. He believes in empires, not in ideologies; in national ambitions, not international ideals; in blocs of nations brought together by economic interests, not communities of nations united by reason of some preconceived theory. From his standpoint, the United States, the Soviet Union, Red China, Great Britain, etc., are modern empires which have imperial if not imperialistic designs, even if during the course of the centuries the methods by which these designs have been manifested have varied. Such an historical creed blinds General de Gaulle to a true and thorough understanding of certain revolutionary aspects of the 20th Century; on the other hand, it also allows him freedom of maneuver. This is not the first time that the end result of de Gaulle's thinking is a realistic and daring policy, even though his motivation is chauvinistic and anachronistic.

At the last NATO meeting in Paris, Dean Rusk came out with the statement that it would be advantageous to favor the Soviet Union over Red China. General de Gaulle's representatives were surprised, disappointed, and even – so they said – disquieted by this statement. How, they wondered, could such a blunder be committed, especially in public? Here today is the spectacle of the socialist world exhibiting those famous "contradictions" which Marxist teachers had always told their pupils in Peking and Moscow are the exclusive and peculiar failing of the capitalist nations. Here, say de Gaulle's representatives, is ideological solidarity coming apart to such an extent that extremely different attitudes are revealed between Moscow and Havana, between Peking and Warsaw, between Tirana and Belgrade. The rifts are so manifest, they argue, that in relation to the West a true Marxist front has ceased to exist. Is this the time for the rest of us in the free world to choose between rivals, to imprudently take sides? Should we not, on the contrary, take advantage of this internal competition among our rivals, and seize this moment to try and solve certain pressing world problems? The failure of the United States to grasp this viewpoint seems past understanding to Paris.

Doubtless the US contingent at the NATO meeting made an eloquent case against normalizing relations with Peking. They could remind the French that memories of the Korean War are still very vivid; that China remains that maleficent power which Stalinist Russia embodied to Foster Dulles; that diplomatic recognition by France will lead to admitting Red China into the United Nations in the midst of Lyndon Johnson's election campaign; and last, but not least, that the problem of Taiwan will become still more difficult to solve. Those among General de Gaulle's collaborators who most wish to convince American public opinion are making every effort to persuade the Americans that, in cleaving to these various points, they are failing to accurately assay their own interests.

Formosa for the Formosans

On the subject of Taiwan, the French contend that when a *fact* remains over a protracted period of time, it becomes a *lawful reality* by virtue of continuity. In other words, the best to be hoped for (and it would be expedient to make haste to bring this about by negotiation) is that Formosa might belong to the Formosans. The whole world knows that, whether one likes it or not, Mao Tse-tung represents the 600 million citizens of China. That time-hallowed tender feeling which Ameri-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cans continue to cherish toward Chiang Kai-shek could be more effectively translated into reality if it could be fortified by the constituting of a nation – Taiwan – which the whole world could recognize. The myth of "two Chinas" is the product either of a nostalgic yearning for the past or a strategic scheme for the future – the reconquest of the mainland. Since the latter is unrealistic, only nostalgia remains.

"I fail to see," Edgar Faure has said, "why France should suffer any more opprobrium than Norway, Pakistan or Great Britain, who are NATO members. Actually, I believe the real reason why the American leaders were apprehensive about our decision to recognize China was because of the political situation in the States. Some of these leaders feel it will be easier for the United States to make a major shift in international policy during the first period of a new full Presidential term, and this is why they are asking us not to do anything 'for the immediate present'. . . . They hope in this way to get over the hump of 1964. For my part, this is one of the reasons why I, on the contrary, think it would be preferable for us to act immediately, before the election campaign gets under way."

Despite all the foregoing, negotiations between Paris and Peking are not without difficulty, even if they are "in the nature of things," as General de Gaulle put it to Dean Rusk (this is the same expression de Gaulle used in speaking of peace with Algeria). Premier Chou En-lai and Mr. Chen Yi, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, were accompanied by quite a cortége of French newspapermen on their jaunt about Africa. The two Chinese leaders were extremely friendly toward France, and repeatedly alluded in their statements over French television to the fact that they had had their university training in Paris. They even went to the lengths of flattering the French reputation for frivolity by affirming that China was by no means the "tedious and boring" country described in the Paris press. More than this: Chou En-lai, while in Algeria, counseled Ben Bella to be moderate not only in the matter of agricultural collectivization which he, Chou En-lai, considers over-hasty, but also in the attitude it would be advisable for Ben Bella to adopt toward a chief of state of General de Gaulle's stature.

Nevertheless, in Tunis Mr. Chen Yi said that although many friendly words had been exchanged on both sides, Peking was "still awaiting action" from Paris, and such action was as yet not forthcoming. It was thought at one point that the delay stemmed from the fact that the Chinese had demanded the French withdraw their ambassador to Taiwan; but in the same interview Edgar Faure affirmed exactly the opposite: after having spoken with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, the French former premier declared that all the Red Chinese desired was diplomatic recognition and that, contrary to what they had demanded from Great Britain, they were prepared to leave it up to France to adopt whatever attitude it wished toward Taiwan.

The question is no longer whether; it is simply a question of when: according to some, de Gaulle will choose the timing which he considers most innocuous for the US; according to others, he will time his announcement for the moment he considers most embarrassing to the Americans. JEAN DANIEL

The Tax Deviates

by Philip M. Stern

Last year, the House of Representatives all but scuttled President John F. Kennedy's tax "loophole-closing" proposals. Tax reform was not mentioned in President Lyndon Johnson's State of the Union Message. Yet the tax system is riddled with inequities and anomalies. The Sixteenth Amendment to the Constitution empowers Congress to tax all income, "from whatever source derived." Section 1 (a) of the tax code provides that income shall be taxed at rates ranging from 20 to 91 percent. And yet:

► five Americans in 1959 had incomes of more than $5 million and paid no taxes.

► one American enjoyed an income of nearly $20 million in one recent year – and paid no taxes.

► another, whose annual income has been close to $2 million in recent years, has not had to pay a penny of income tax since 1949.

► in 1961, 17 Americans had incomes of $1 million or more, and paid not a cent of it to the Treasury. Thirty-five persons had incomes of $500,000 or more, yet paid no taxes.

► a lawyer in Alexandria, Virginia, made out his own tax return and that of a wealthy client, one April, and discovered that his client has six times as much

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

income as he, and paid one-fifth as much tax.

► in 1960, a real-estate corporation in New York had a "net cash return available for distribution to stockholders" of over $5 million, yet paid no taxes. In fact, on its tax return it showed a *loss* of over $1,750,000.

► Mrs. Horace Dodge, Sr., of Dodge auto fame and fortune, put her entire $56 million legacy into tax-free bonds, and thus was in a position to enjoy over $1.5 million of yearly income *without even having to report it on her tax return.*

There were, in 1960, 37 people whose total incomes came to more than $5 million. They paid, on the average, *a little less than 25 percent tax.* And although Section 1 (a) calls for them to pay a far greater share of their income to the government than those with smaller incomes, they actually paid *less than half* as much in taxes, proportionately, as those with about one-tenth the total income.

Why these discrepancies? Because of the "tax deviates."

To illustrate, compare what the rate schedule in Section 1 (a) seems to call for with what was actually paid in taxes in 1960:

PERCENT OF INCOME PAID IN TAXES

Income Group	*Per Rate Schedule*	*Actually*
Under $5,000	20.7%	9.0%
$5-10,000	23.7	11.0
$10-20,000	29.4	14.8
$20-50,000	44.1	21.8
$50-100,000	60.8	31.1
$100-150,000	73.6	34.6
$200-500,000	84.1	33.3
$500,000-$1,000,000	88.6	31.1
$1,000,000 and over	90.1	32.3
$5,000,000 and over	90.7	24.6

The wealthy are obviously far more successful "tax deviates" than the less well-to-do. While those in the under-$5,000 group pay, on the average, about *half* what the rate schedule calls for, those in the over-$5 million group typically pay about one-fourth what the rate schedule provides.

There are several approved techniques for becoming a tax deviate, such as taking advantage of special oil and mineral deductions or the favorable 25 percent capital gains tax, or splitting your income into separate, more lightly-taxed bundles, or giving paintings or other risen-value possessions to charity, or seeking the warmth of a real-estate "tax shelter." Whatever the techniques used, though, it boils down to this: you become a tax deviate by using tax "loopholes" or tax preferences – defined, in this instance, as everything other than the $600 personal exemption permitted to all taxpayers.

Bearing the Brunt

All of us are acutely aware of the cost of such multi-billion dollar expenditure programs as defense, space, foreign aid. But the cost isn't spread evenly. Those who enjoy the fewest tax preferences – mainly wage earners and salaried professionals (teachers, doctors, lawyers) – bear the brunt. More important, when you put all the tax preferences together, instead of considering them one by one, the cost isn't just a few cents or dollars per person. All together, these tax preferences are costing the United States Treasury – that is, costing all of us – $40 billion a year.

If all the preferences were eliminated, we could reduce all tax rates by nearly half, and still raise the same amount of revenue. Under such a simplified, broadly-based income tax system, the rates would range from 11 percent to a maximum of 50 percent – in contrast to the 20 to 91 percent rates in effect through 1963, and the 14 to 70 percent rates provided in the pending tax bill.

Thus, those who blame high tax rates exclusively on "excessive government spending" are hissing the wrong villain. They are curiously silent about the $40 billion which the Congress is indirectly "spending" through tax concessions.

Actually, the leakages in the tax system are far more pernicious than direct outlays, for the price tag is tucked inside the merchandise, where it can't readily be seen. The cost of the farm subsidy may be found each year in the federal budget; not so the cost of the oil subsidy. If Congress should fail to act on the farm subsidy appropriation, the program would die; but when Congress fails to act on the oil subsidy, it is perpetuated, because it's in the permanent tax law, and its cost is determined not by Congress but by the taxpayers who avail themselves of it.

Are the taxpayers getting their money's worth, "spending" a billion and a half dollars via the oil depletion allowance to encourage oil exploration, when at the same time we deliberately keep out foreign oil and deliberately hold Texas oil wells to less than 30 percent of capacity? And what of our tax concessions to the aged – those upside-down subsidies which grant no help whatever to the neediest four-fifths of the elderly (those whose incomes are so low as to be non-taxable)?

In 1895, defending the constitutionality of the in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

come tax before the Supreme Court, attorney James C. Carter put it this way: "In every community those who feel the burdens of taxation are naturally prone to relieve themselves from it if they can. . . . One class struggles to throw the burden off its own shoulders. If they succeed, of course, it must fall upon others. They also, in their turn, labor to get rid of it, and finally the load falls upon those who will not, or cannot, make a successful effort for relief." Carter then went on to say: "This is, in general, a one-sided struggle, in which the rich only engage, and . . . in which the poor always go to the wall."

© 1964, Philip M. Stern

Paying for Education—II

The Issue Is Who Makes Decisions

by Christopher Jencks

Federal control over education, according to popular rhetoric, is something which (thank God) America has never had, but which (alack aday) may creep up on us in the near future if we are not careful. Presumably what most people have in mind when they speak of "federal control" is administrative control – the power to hire and fire, to sign checks and let contracts. They know that these powers have traditionally been vested in boards of trustees and local boards of education; they fear that all this might alter – that by some miraculous sea change America might become France and the schools might come to be run from Washington.

The fear is quite unfounded. But then so is the view of reality on which it rests. Control over education means far more than simple administrative control. It means the power to make and enforce all types of decisions. As any teacher will tell you, students make many of the most important decisions in education – when to pay attention and when not, when to do the homework and when not, when to raise hell and when to go along. So in a very important sense the students control education. The talents and aspirations of the students do more to shape particular institutions, and limit the possibilities for education in those institutions, than instructors, administrators or representatives of the public can hope to do. Nevertheless, the students do not decide everything. Indeed, if you are primarily concerned with the logistics of education (how many students . . . studying what subjects . . . for how long . . . under how many instructors . . . with what qualifications . . . at what cost) you will find that neither the students nor their instructors make the crucial decisions. Some are made by administrators, but most by outsiders: privately-appointed boards of trustees, privately-appointed church officials, publicly-appointed or elected boards of education, publicly-elected legislatures, and – distressing though this may be to some – the US Congress and various federal civil servants.

Given the diffusion of power among these groups, it is silly to argue about whether education is or ought to be subject to "state control," "local control," "federal control" (or whether it ought to be "privately controlled" or "publicly controlled"). In any enterprise larger than a game of solitaire, control is multiple. If you want to understand the enterprise, it is pointless to ask "Who controls it?" (Who controls AT&T?). You must ask "Who decides X," and "Who decides Y," and "What is the relationship between the men who decide X and Y."

Probably the most important single decision about education is what fraction of the national resources is devoted to it. Educated people, looking at their less-educated countrymen, may think the fraction is currently too small. The uneducated, looking at their educated countrymen, may think the fraction is too large. Out of that difference of opinion comes the gut issue of school politics: the tax rate. Most of the other hardy perennials follow: high salaries or low, a new building or an old one. Other squabbles may attract attention for a few weeks or even a few years – life adjustment versus academic discipline, corporal punishment versus permissive impunity, consolidated districts versus one-room schoolhouses, racial integration versus the ghetto.

Christopher Jencks, *formerly an editor of this journal, is spending the year as a Fellow of the Institute for Policy Studies in Washington. He will remain a regular contributor to the magazine.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But the school board members and state legislators elected on such issues would be but a small battalion compared to the army which has risen and fallen on the tax rate.

Those of us who think the US should substantially increase the share of its income spent on education have developed a healthy distrust of local and state electorates, and the democratic ideals which they supposedly embody. We know from experience that local voters see no reason why teachers should make substantially more than the average parent, and that state legislators often see no reason why new universities should come before new roads. We know too that there are many property holders who would rather keep taxes low and spend their money on a new tractor or a night at the Ritz, rather than giving up these things so their children can acquire more expensive tastes. We know that there are labor leaders who would rather have had bad schools than a sales tax, and businessmen who would rather hire skilled employees from out of the state than see corporate taxes increased to pay for better schools within the state.

Knowing all this, many have decided that the only way to ensure the proper education of the next generation (which is unable to vote for its own interests) is to have the federal government impose a high level of school taxes on the whole nation. Instead of federal tax cuts, which allow state and local electorates either to raise their own school taxes or go to the races, as they choose, friends of education have called for massive federal aid.

Tough-minded Men

It would, of course, take some doing to prevent recalcitrant local communities from using federal aid as a pretext for lowering their own taxes – or at least as an alternative to raising them as high as they otherwise might. But the advocates of federal aid are tough-minded men, and they have developed ingenious schemes for thwarting the benighted electorate, should it prefer low taxes and poor schools to high taxes and better schools. It is possible, for instance, to make federal aid contingent on maintaining traditional school tax rates, or even on increasing them to match the increases offered by the federal government. If such devices do not work, however, the advocates of federal aid are quite willing to consider the possibility of shifting the major burden of school finance to federal taxes. These, they say, are really "more effective fiscal instruments" than state and local taxes, by which they mean that federal taxes are not subject to local veto, and cannot be escaped by moving down the road. One way or another, however, the objective is clear: to force the nation to do itself a favor and devote a larger share of its income to its children than it now does.

The argument may be sound, but it has not proved persuasive politically. Things do change, and there is an election this year. But I cannot convince myself that this Congress or the next will supply massive federal aid, or make any other significant effort to boost the over-all level of educational spending in America.

Assuming that the share of the national income devoted to education is decided primarily by states and localities (with some private influences), there is still the possibility that Congress might try to provide some kind of help to those few states and communities which are really too poor to support good schools from their own resources. The aim here would not be substantially to increase total spending on education, but to redistribute that spending in a more equitable way. Any program of general federal aid to the states would do something of this sort, for federal taxes are somewhat progressive, and most programs for distributing federal money to the states have some kind of "equalization" formula which ensures that poor Southern and Mountain states get more proportionally than others. Nevertheless, if the aim of Congress is simply to help areas which can't help themselves, general aid is an inefficient lever, for it gives much of the money to states which lack only will power, not resources. If the aim is to help the truly needy, perhaps the most promising tack is to include education assistance under the Area Redevelopment program – though for political reasons it may be better to use ARA money for other things and thereby free more local funds for schools.

Not all educationally impoverished areas have low incomes, however. There has recently been considerable talk in Washington, for example, about some kind of federal assistance to schools in urban slums. This cannot possibly be justified on simple economic grounds: the financial resources available to these schools, while less than in nearby suburbs, are already much greater than the resources available to the typical small-town or rural school. The argument for federal aid is that while the slum school already spends nearly as much as the "average" American school, it has special problems which require above-average resources. That is so. Yet I cannot help feeling that if we knew more about rural schools, especially in the South, we would give them priority in any federal program of redistributing the academic wealth. But just as federal aid will not necessarily raise the total that is being spent on education faster than state and local legislators would, so federal aid to the urban or rural poor might not improve their education any faster than state aid or local effort. If the Johnson Administration were to inaugurate a big program in New York City, for example, the Republican legislature and Governor would almost certainly see this as an excuse for not increasing

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

state contributions that year. And if Washington were to make a major education effort in Appalachia, this would almost surely mean that the Governors of Kentucky, Tennessee, *et al.*, would take the opportunity to meet some of their other payrolls – roads, hospitals, welfare payments and so forth. Despite these possibilities, however, it seems increasingly possible that the Congress will be asked – not this year but next – to step in where states have failed, and try to provide help for those areas, urban, rural or both, which have incomes below the state average.

At present, both the total resources available for education and the geographic distribution of these funds are largely in state, local and private hands. Nevertheless, Congress exercises considerable control over education. This control has, moreover, been both deliberate and direct, inhibited in no apparent fashion by rhetoric about local control and the American System. If Congress decides that state, local and private authorities have neglected some area of education which it thinks vital to the national welfare, it can appropriate money to remedy the failure – and often does. The Morrill Act of 1862 was a response to such a judgment. The majority of Congress believed that American higher education was too classical, too aristocratic, and out of touch with the workaday world. It gave the states money to establish institutions which were different. The Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 applied similar principles to secondary schools, and played a major role (first creative, later inhibiting) in the growth of high school vocational programs. The GI Bill of 1944 was, in fact if not intent, an effort to open higher education to millions whom state and private authorities would not have given scholarships.

The National Defense Education Act of 1958 was another effort to open higher education to needy students for whom state and private groups had refused to raise money (preferring to raise faculty salaries, build new football stadiums, *etc., etc.*). The NDEA was more, however. After extensive hearings which had underlined the failure of state, local and private authorities to provide adequate secondary school science, foreign language or guidance programs, Congress decided federal action was needed. It offered grants to secondary schools, but restricted them to these hitherto underprivileged areas – on the plausible ground that "the money should be spent where it would do the most good." Most Congressmen knew that if the money were given with no strings, to the states or to individual school districts, the relevant authorities would have had a different judgment about where the money would have done the most good. Congress decided that its own priorities should prevail.

Not all the crucial federal decisions are made by the Congress, however, nor are they all as thoroughly discussed in advance as was the National Defense Education Act. Current curriculum reform programs, for example, especially in the natural sciences, have been heavily underwritten by the federal government, and often many of them have been initiated by men working for the government.

Using the prestige and resources of the federal government, a small group of reformers – mostly professors employed as consultants to the President's Science Advisory Committee, the National Science Foundation, or the Office of Education – have developed textbooks and curricula so obviously superior to what went before that they seem likely to be adopted almost universally. The reformers have also developed special training programs to show both old and new teachers how to use the revised syllabus. The net result is a major step toward that favorite voodoo doll of traditionalists, "a national curriculum." It has also been an effective device for improving local schools without controlling the tax level.

Teaching and Research

Another important federal effort to bend the shape of educational institutions, only now being carefully scrutinized by Congress, has been the effort of the Executive to alter the traditional balance between teaching and research in the universities. American universities have been engaged in research as well as education since the late 19th Century. But prior to World War II the men who controlled these universities took the view that most of the faculty should spend most of its time teaching. Only exceptional individuals in a few special areas were encouraged to devote themselves entirely to research. This prejudice in favor of teaching was not shared by most of the professors in leading universities. On the contrary, many of these men wanted nothing more than to stop "wasting time" with students and devote themselves to problems which interested their colleagues. They were educators by necessity, not choice, and when World War II offered them opportunities to do what they really enjoyed, many of them seized the chance.

After World War II, more and more government agencies decided that the traditional deployment of brilliant scientists (and to some extent scholars as well) in the classroom was not the best use of their talents. These men were offered generous stipends to come to Washington as consultants, and more important, they were offered money so that they and their colleagues could devote themselves largely or entirely to research. Last year federal expenditures of this kind totaled about $1.5 billion, of which $500 million was for supposedly "pure research." As a result, a number of universities found that more than half of all faculty time

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was spent on research rather than teaching.

From the viewpoint of both the federal government and the professors involved, this was no doubt a happy development. From the viewpoint of state legislatures and university trustees, worried about financing classroom instruction for a growing number of young people, the federal initiative has been less fortunate. For one thing, many of the more competent natural scientists have given up the classroom entirely, or confine their teaching to a handful of graduate students. (This is also increasingly true in the social sciences.) For another, those professors who teach part-time and do research part-time must be paid far more than in the bad old days, not only for their time in the lab but for their time in class.

In top universities this means at least four things: first, eminent scientists and scholars are given bigger classes, so that their precious time will be paid for by more students; second, more graduate students are hired at comparatively low wages to handle undergraduate instruction; third, tuition is raised, which means more money must be found for scholarships or loans; and fourth, more funds are sought from the legislature and the alumni, not only to raise the salaries of those already on the payroll but to raid other less eminent institutions and increase the ratio of teachers to students at Alma Mater.

In four-year institutions which do comparatively little research, on the other hand, the consequences are somewhat different – if no more appealing to those in charge. These colleges cannot have big classes, or their students will desert to the universities; they cannot exploit graduate students, because they have none; so they must try to raise money from the legislature, the alumni, or the students. When this proves insufficient to attract and hold a faculty of PhD's (most of whom want to do research anyway) the colleges turn to men and women with less academically impressive qualifications, mostly MA's – which may be all to the good.

Enormous Effect

It seems clear, then, that decisions taken in Washington about the level of research spending have had an enormous effect on American colleges and universities – both the few which get such grants and the many which do not. Literalists may argue that this is not really "federal control," since "nobody has to take the money." Yet the point of the change which has taken place in the last generation is that for all practical purposes universities *do* have to take the money, or else lose most of their faculty. Federal research spending (and to a lesser extent spending by tax-exempt foundations), has revolutionized the traditional structure of the university, so that the board of trustees and administration are in many respects no longer in charge. Individual professors now have direct relations with fund-sources outside the university, and if they get a research grant or contract, their nominal employer can do little to stop them from taking it. If he tries. the professor can simply pack up and move elsewhere – there will always be a reputable institution eager to take on him, his entourage of advanced graduate students, and his federal money. The result has been to transform the professor from a hired hand, always at the beck and call of his dean, to an independent professional like a doctor or lawyer, who knows that his career rests upon the judgment of his colleagues, and that if he wins their approval he will always be able to earn his keep. To a significant degree, the federal committees which award research contracts, along with the university committees which make departmental appointments, have supplanted state legislatures, the private boards of trustees, and university presidents as the masters of higher education. (The endless faculty complaints about administrators probably ought to be understood as the complaints of a rising class against a declining one, not as a response to a newly-invented tyranny.)

There is no use pretending that the federal government has no responsibility for the side-effects of the revolution it has instigated. Having promoted competitive bidding for men with PhD's, for example, the government is in part responsible for recent boosts in undergraduate tuition at both public and private institutions. It does not therefore seem amiss for Congress to provide loans and grants to needy students who cannot pay such tuition. Nor might it be amiss for the government to establish some professorships for men whose primary interest is teaching, in order to assure that these men are not driven to research work by economic necessity.

Several conclusions seem justified. First, the federal government has long exercised considerable control over education. Second, this control has, on the whole, reflected a more cosmopolitan set of priorities and aspirations than the control exercised by state legislatures, local boards of education, and many private groups (especially the churches). Third, the federal government will probably exercise more control in the future, as the relationship between education and both the Cold War and unemployment becomes more apparent to the Congress. Fourth, the most promising area for federal action is probably an effort to restructure education so we get more for our money, not an effort to force states and local voters to invest more. Fifth, the way to evaluate proposals for new kinds of federal action is one at a time, on a pragmatic basis, not with rhetoric about "centralized bureaucracies" and "local autonomy."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Monologue of an Old Man

by Victor Lange

To have known "BB" is a very different matter from having read Berenson. His career as one of the great attributors and experts of Italian paintings, later as the master of that superb villa, I Tatti, and as the center of a respectful circle of cultivated friends and admirers has for half a century been a matter of inspired gossip and myth-making. He was undoubtedly a most impressive person: vital as well as disciplined, with an astonishing receptivity to every conceivable stimulus, social and intellectual, and above all an unshakeable faith in the human capacity to justify itself in the creative act – these gave him far beyond his technical or professional accomplishments an incomparable authority as a human being.

Sunset and Twilight
by Bernard Berenson
(Harcourt, Brace and World; $8.75)

The substance of his studies of Renaissance painters, whatever their methodological shortcomings, has remained impressive and persuasive; but his later volumes of autobiographical reflections are for many less appealing. They seem to suffer from a petulance of mind and a determination to assert the virtues of an essentially self-centered and opinionated life that fascinated more by its byzantine aura than by any relevance to the sensibilities of our time.

Berenson's closest companion, Nicky Mariano, and Helen and the late Kurt Wolff have now made selections from the diaries of his last ten years. *Sunset and Twilight* is the moving monologue of an old man; we listen to a voice that is subdued and often melancholy but that has shed all affectation and speaks without need of an echo, concerned only with giving shape and presence to his puzzling and elusive self. An extraordinary procession of people passes before us, distinguished, familiar, stimulating, fatuous, gossipy, irritating, absurd; we catch flashes of talk, faces, memories, gestures, recollected in an old man's sleepless hours, and transcribed in paragraphs of polished prose. In some he was disappointed, in others he found a surprising congeniality: Katherine Dunham, more cultivated than he had thought, yet in her performance bringing to life "even in one like myself the sleeping dogs of almost pre-human dreads, aversions, abberrations, appeals." Flattered by a visit from President Truman – an unlikely guest – he writes, "in my long life I have never met an individual with whom I so instantly felt at home. . . ."

What emerges from these pages is a troubled, irritable and unhappy man who is haunted by thoughts of failure and injustice, by regrets, envy and resentment. Berenson was a man of intense and unfailing sensuality who sought satisfaction not in speculation, in learning or in sustained scholarship, but in the intuitive energies of aesthetic perception. He is "anti-meta-fussical," not a critic in any professional sense; he remains "dumb-mouthed before the mana, the numenous, the aura that emanates from Classical masterpieces"; he insists on being "the supreme dilettante." "I am only a picture-taster, the way others are wine- or tea-tasters."

His work was "a constant awareness of trying to live up to something, and a continuous self-reproach when I slipped or lapsed into animality." He knows that he must defend a pattern of self that should not be tampered with; but as he looks back on his life he finds it lacking above all in spontaneity: "I wonder whether if I had let myself go I might have been creative, achieved more."

It becomes clear in these pages, that he was, after all, a romantic humanist whose faith in the capacity of the individual to cultivate himself and to shape and represent the utmost measure of life, finds its justification in the cultural climate of the early nineteenth century. The ideals by which Berenson lived were those of Weimar, and the spiritual achievement to which he returns with undimmed admiration is that of Goethe, "the man of universal curiosity and ever fermenting creativeness." "At what moment of the past should I, the I that I am now, have felt most at one with my fellow creatures? Perhaps in the years after the Napoleonic Wars, and in Germany, and in Goethe's Weimar in particular." There he recognizes a life whose reflection he encountered when he first came to America: "In Boston as a boy, I had a taste of something similar in the way life was lived by nearly all the cultivated and by all who counted." "My century, my own, is the nineteenth. . . ." It is strange to hear him add that this is the age of Bismarck, Disraeli and Gladstone, for in the sphere of individual culture there is little room for justification through political action.

He is awake one night "relaxed, not agitated, without a thought of the talks of the day. I thought hard of two books I should like to write, the one on Functioning as the Basis of Action, and the other on Man as a Work of Art." Here are the two interdependent tenets of Berenson's faith: the realization of self in performance, and the will to represent this performance, to stylize it. In the particular work of art, in the accomplishment of a personal "manner," in "that complete artifact of Venice," even in Catholicism, "mankind's greatest art creation," the "function" of life seems to Berenson supremely performed.

He knew that this pursuit of an essentially aesthetic culture, coupled, of course, with the pursuit of learning, was in the early nineteenth century the characteristic and strategic mode of self assertion of a socially unintegrated minority. He never ceased to reflect on

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the inescapable sense of isolation which throughout his life his own Jewish heritage had imposed upon him. In an important passage he elaborates on his role as a stranger: wrenched away from his childhood experiences, he was transplanted to Boston, and at twenty-two left there never to return. But "Boston would no more claim me than the so-called 'Arabs' claim the Israelis." He remained a foreigner in Europe, no class in any country wanted him: "They felt that I was not one of them. They were right. I never could whole-heartedly share their values. . . ." His Jewish origin was his burden and his dilemma. "How easy and warm the atmosphere between born Jews like Isaiah Berlin, Lewis Namir, myself, when we drop the mask of being *goyim*. . . . After all it has been an effort to act as if one were a mere Englishman or Frenchman or American."

His remarkable social talents as well as his paralyzing compulsion at introspection, his spectacular professional connoisseurship as well as his voracity for probing and testing the character and status of others, are alike the result of a deep-seated awareness of his role as outsider and as spectator. "Brooding, dreaming, yearning, longing," have been his chief pursuits, a dislike of activity and a dread of events. If there is one goal steadily pursued it is an insatiable curiosity in his own self and in the countless figures that he draws into his "game" of captivating but relentless scrutiny. "My real, my lifelong intent has been to find out what I *really* feel, what I *really* think." He is curious about himself, "because this self can be studied by me from within, and constantly discovered in contradiction not only with its outward manifestations but within and evermore within, far more than without." It is that same preoccupation with self that strikes him as most revealing in the diaries of Kafka, with whom he feels he shares "the unusual gifts of inner as well as outer observation" that their Jewish ancestors must have developed.

What fascinates Berenson most in this process of exploration is the interplay of self and of time, of chance, of fortuitous circumstances, of what might have been. "It was a pleasure," he writes after reminiscing with a guest, "to fabulate, I say deliberately 'fabulate', because recollection as recounted tends to be fable." The sense of an altogether superior past, is enormously strong in his thinking: he is out of tune in nearly all respects with the present. He stubbornly disapproves of modern art which seems to him no longer "to interpret, to exalt life, to teach us spectators to see the beauty of things as if they were works of art already." Picasso, he thinks, "might have spared us the plunge into deeper and deeper infantilism"; Henry Moore's sculpture is "revoltingly remote" from what he feels to be art; "I am more of a mind about art," he says, "(if only it were free) with Stalinists than with Western up-to-daters."

Not being a poet – though a meticulous maker of prose – he is inclined to disparage the truth of speech: "everything said and written must be taken as a proximation of approximate veracity, far from actuality or truth." And it is not issues or ideas but the texture, as it were, of the people that come to see him that interests him most, their faces, their manners, their peculiarities of individual or national behavior. The portraits of his friends or his enemies are brilliant responses of his observant eyes; his avidity for the company of men and women springs from a passion for gathering the evidence against any futile masking of self. "Why do we want to meet the great, the famous, the stunters? Is it to satisfy the hope of

Aurora Borealis

Our prosaic neighbor said accurately,
"There's a most spectacular display
Of Northern lights, aurora borealis."

And so there was. The fingers
Glowed into being like time
Or electric tubes, except

That the blue was the complement
Of radio orange, and the night
Was far more spacious than the or any

Self-defining instrument
Of commerce and convenience.

This had no relevance at all:
The stars that we'd locked fingers over
And had led us to practice the universal

Now were mere and accidental,
Accenting nothing. Their music played on
As it had to, was unheard.

Heisenberg, certainly living then,
Invited occult uncertainty,
Shook foil of being beyond pathos,
Beyond tragedy, mere and wholly
Splendor, and therefore holy.

And yet the stars and our love
Were a remnant, a saving remnant
And when the northern lights

Redeemed the expected
Redeemed it from insignificance
Then the redeeming remnant

Revealing what we'd always known
Showed a way to time's truth,
And verified love and all our time.

ALBERT HOWARD CARTER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

glimpsing the private person behind the public myth?"

It is perhaps a little more than mere snobbery if Berenson prefers the company of the elegant and cultivated upper class; "they are ever so much more apt to be enjoyable works of art in themselves, and being with them is in and by itself life-enhancing, as being with representational works of art." His talk, so ravishing and unforgettable to all who were with him, was, he admits a little amused at himself and his audiences, a subtle sport of hide-and-seek, his mode of kindling in himself and others the precious fire of the imagination, perhaps even a most pleasing and revealing form of seduction.

It is moving to feel to the very end of Berenson's life, despite the infinite humiliations of the aging body and the confessions of anguish and despair at the failure of his limbs, the resolution to remain true to the self-chosen task of transmuting the evanescent moments of intense awareness into a permanent presence. Two mythical images recur to him as the perennial reminders of greatness: Jehovah, that absolute being "who has nothing to explain and nothing to do," and the figure of Alcinoüs who knew that his kingdom would perish not because of the wickedness of his ways but because he befriended and sent to his home a fugitive from the wrath of Poseidon. "Nothing may remain of our efforts to humanize the animal in us; we go on creating, improving, dreaming of ever nobler conduct, because the better of us are born to function creatively. There is no happiness except functioning according to one's own nature; and for me," Berenson concludes in his eighty-ninth year, "Alcinoüs symbolized that attitude towards life, and is therefore my patron saint. What a sweet saint, father of the exquisite Nausicaä, and benefactor of Odysseus."

Britain and the Arab East

by Richard H. Nolte

The initial landing of Ponce de Léon in 1513 on the east coast of Florida where St. Augustine now stands, roughly coincided with the Ottoman conquest of the Arab Middle East. For the Ottomans, the succeeding century was the high noon of an empire already more than two hundred years old. At its zenith, the Sultan's dominions stretched from the Caspian and the Persian Gulf to Morocco, from Austria, Poland, and the Don to Aden and the Sudan. But, imperceptibly, while the first British outposts began to appear in North America, the tide turned; and by 1776 the grudging fallback from Russian Europe and the Balkans was irretrievably in process. Not until 1917, however, with the victory of British troops and their Arab allies in Jerusalem, Damascus and Baghdad, was Ottoman control in the Arab World finally snuffed out. Thereafter for forty years, more or less, it was the British who wielded paramount power. In the time scale of great empires, forty years seems brief indeed, and the title of Miss Monroe's first-rate study of that period is wholly appropriate.

Britain's Moment in the Middle East
by Elizabeth Monroe
(Johns Hopkins; $5)

But if short, the "moment" of British control was a time of momentous events and fundamental change in the Middle East. The region was made a battle ground during the two greatest wars in history. It emerged as the reservoir of most of the world's oil. A new state was implanted in the heart of the area, consummating an ancient dream, but creating at the same time a new Arab diaspora and a militant new Zionism. The peoples of the area, caught up in the surging tide of nationalism, were plunged into a modernizing social transformation of unprecedented scope and speed. And not least, toward the end, it became a zone of contention and conflict between two implacably opposed worldwide political systems, each deploying unheard of magnitudes of power.

Against this background, Miss Mon-

WHAT'S HAPPENING IN AFRICA?

Is Nigeria really a model democracy?
What's in store for the Congo?
Will a Federation of East Africa work?
How long can apartheid hold out?
Who are the Angolan rebels?

•

Immense, complex, changing . . . Africa needs to be closely watched to be understood, helped, criticized. Only one magazine can keep you thus informed.

AFRICA TODAY

AFRICA TODAY is both analytical . . . and partisan. It opposes white domination . . . and black dictatorship. It exposes colonialism . . . and new patterns of influence from Moscow and Peking. But because it is published by the American Committee on Africa, the main focus is always on US policy on Africa . . . sometimes supporting, sometimes opposing.

Special Bonus to New Subscribers

Our Special, $1, triple-sized Tenth Anniversary Issue will be sent free to new subscribers. This issue includes articles by Colin Legum, Stanley Diamond, James Harris, short notes from Mboya, Kaunda, Nyerere, Lutuli, Senghor, etc.

AFRICA TODAY
American Committee on Africa
211 East 43rd Street
New York, N. Y. 10017

I enclose $5—send me **AFRICA TODAY** for one year (ten issues).

(Please be legible)

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Teachers

If you are a teacher of government, literature, international relations, history or economics, we invite you to consider using *The New Republic* in your classroom. As in years past, we offer you the opportunity of ordering this magazine at a special classroom rate for bulk orders of 10 or more. Each student's copy costs only 10 cents weekly (less than one-third the regular newsstand price) if 10 or more are mailed to a single address. *Free desk copies are included for each instructor.* Orders may be placed for any number of weeks, even for one week only, if desired, or for the entire semester. Copies are mailed from Washington, D. C., on Fridays, three days before *The New Republic* appears on any newsstand, so that your students are assured of receiving the magazine while the news and reviews are fresh and exciting.

Advance payment is not necessary. You need only notify us how many copies and how many issues you wish. Your bill will be sent later. Mail your order without delay to:

CLASSROOM DEPARTMENT
THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 19th Street, N.W.
Washington 36, D. C.

roe examines the role of the British during their brief time upstage, and it is a fascinating story. For those Englishmen who took part in it, the day-to-day motivation was, as the author observes, to perform services useful both to Britain and to Middle Eastern peoples – harnessing the Nile, training armies and policemen, planting trees, trying to reconcile Arabs to Jewish settlement, or administering the Sudan. This does not mean that the British did all they might have done, or that great and perhaps irreparable mistakes were not made. On the whole, however, the British record will compare favorably with that of any tutelary power in similar circumstances. Against the popular Arab view that British policy during the period in question was imperialistic perfidy incarnate, or the Zionist notion that it was a vicious, pro-Arab favoritism, or the general American view that it was a little of both, vacillating, and generally reactionary and out of date, Miss Monroe has provided a refreshing antidote.

But this clearly is a by-product of the author's intent, which is to examine with an informed and candid eye Britain's rise to dominant power, the use of that power, and the reasons for its swift decline. The basic motive behind it all, the author shows, was to "keep the route to India orderly and secure. Only after 1945 did it become obvious that they [the British] were also helping to hold the Soviet gateway to Africa, and to safeguard the east-west passage of quantities of oil that were becoming indispensible to Europe." As a vital component of British strength with its resources, its markets, its army nearly a quarter of a million strong, its inexhaustible reserves of manpower, and its pivotal location between West and East, India amply demonstrated its value during the two world wars. British determination to safeguard "the lifeline of empire" is understandable. But after India gained independence in 1947, the Middle East lost much of its importance to Britain. This, together with the post-war spiritual and financial exhaustion of Great Britain (compounded by the abrupt and heedless end of US lend-lease assistance), the mounting waves of nationalist violence, Arab, Jewish, and Persian, the pressure of world opinion, and the defense implications of nuclear weapons all urged on Britain the decision to withdraw. Hence, in 1948, the abdication from Palestine; the loss by nationalization in 1951 of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, Britain's beachhead in Iran; the agreement on Sudanese independence in 1953; the final withdrawal from Egypt and the Canal Zone in 1954-6; the agreement ending the relationship with Jordan in 1957; the loss by revolution of the Iraqi ally in 1958; the agreements on independence for Cyprus in 1960 and Kuwait in 1961 – these tell the tale. In a dozen years, British strength all but disappeared from the Middle East, and the abortive invasion of Suez in 1956 was a clear demonstration of the fact. The post-Ottoman "vacuum," filled for a brief span by British power, emerged again, and into it, as if by some vast magnetic force, the United States and its cold-war rival have inescapably been drawn.

Not many people can bring to bear all at the same time the thoroughness and measure of the scholar, the expository lucidity of the top rank journalist, and the insight and intimacy of long personal experience with the events and personalities under review. Elizabeth Monroe is one of the few. She is a Fellow of St. Antony's College, Oxford, and has been connected with that University since 1948. She has traveled and worked in the Middle East, intermittently, for twenty-seven years. She became Middle East Correspondent for *The Economist* in 1945. Her reputation and wide acquaintance, moreover, have given her access to correspondence and private papers and backstage knowledge hitherto unused. It all adds up, in this highly readable volume, to contemporary history at its best.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

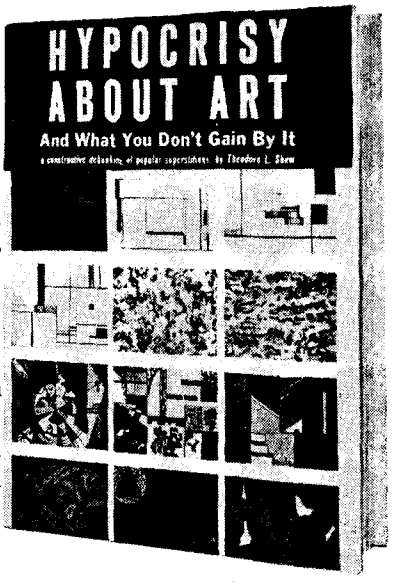
Philip M. Stern's *article is drawn from his forthcoming book,* The Great Treasury Raid, *to be published soon by Random House.* Victor Lange *is chairman of the department of Germanic languages at Princeton.* Albert Howard Carter *is on the English faculty of Florida Presbyterian College.* Richard H. Nolte *is executive director of the Institute of Current World Affairs.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conjecturism

is the modern approach to art

On 10 days' free trial



If You Haven't Read This Exciting New Book

You're in a Rut

Because it's the only book we know of, anywhere, which discusses art from the strictly tough-minded point of view.

And because it's your only escape-route, therefore, (if you want one) from the naive and prettified picture of art which the world has regrettably inherited from ancient days.

Even the most sophisticated man will be shaken out of some of his favorite dogmas—and to his benefit, we believe—by the book's relentless search for facts. Where else, for example, would he encounter a candid statement such as that expressed in the famous "stork cartoon" (apologies to Van Gogh) shown below? In our opinion, the answer is NOWHERE. Traditionalists would fiercely reject it as *Blasphemy*. For it plainly deprives them of two of their most "sacred" rights—the right to call certain art works *immortal* and the right to deliver *positive and enduring verdicts of betterness*, on which their entire authority hangs.

And yet the statement is obviously truthful.

After all, how can you appraise art works as permanently "great" or "beautiful" when a dozen men could conceivably be born into your own home-town, say, with the capacity to turn them out in carload quantities.

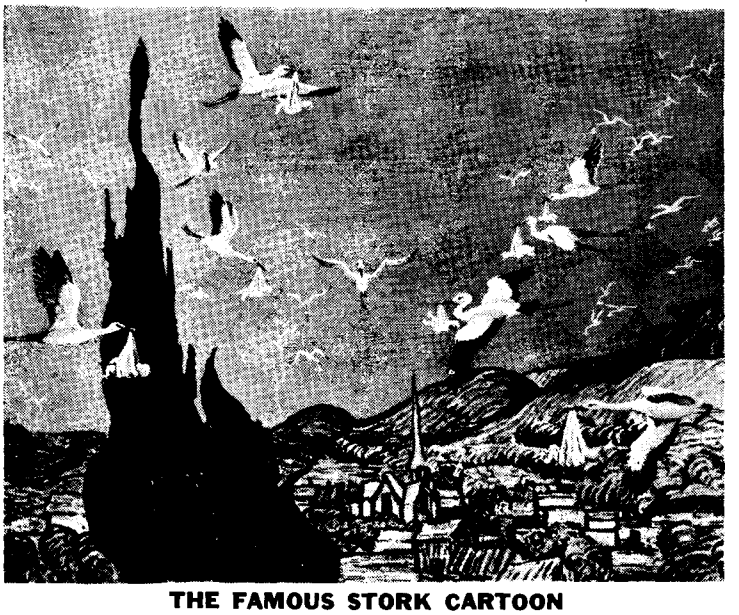
No, before you can judge an art work's "greatness" you must make an estimate of the human probabilities of its being created both now and for the future—the doing of which is manifestly a ticklish job.

And it is exactly because of this inevitable uncertainty that a completely new approach to art has become necessary—and is being widely adopted. CONJECTURISM.

It's the cautious, reasoned method, rather than the slap-dash, mystic method. It brings art up-to-date much as Evolution brought Biology up-to-date—namely by abandoning the rigid certitude and turning towards the experienced but tentative Conjecture. In the moment that man attempts the eternal verdict in art, he defeats his own purpose as certainly as would the meteorologist who ventured beyond the immediate probabilities in his forecasting of the weather. It just can't be done without stepping openly into Clairvoyance and Mumbo-Jumbo.

The book, HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, by Theodore L. Shaw, does much more, however, than expound the principles of Conjecturism. With its 153 pages, its over 160 illustrations, many of them in full color, it demonstrates the practical application of it to specific works of art, and shows how the accuracy of man's conjectures can gradually be improved. Whether your purpose is to *create* art or to *understand* and *enjoy* it you will find the book highly interesting and profoundly revealing.

But a mere verbal description is inadequate. The book is its own best advocate. And it is for this reason we suggest that you give us permission to mail it to you on ten-days free trial, without obligation. Along with it will go the famous pamphlet (usual price 50¢) THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL. It's yours as a gift, whether you decide to keep the large book or not. Or, if you prefer, you can remit 50¢ (check, stamps or coins) for the pamphlet alone. The 50¢ will count as a credit towards HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART, if later, after sending for it on ten-days trial, you decide to keep it. Merely indicate your wishes on the coupon, or send a postcard or letter.



THE FAMOUS STORK CARTOON

It's the accident of what men possessing what talents arrive on earth, in what quantities and at what times, that usually decides which art works are considered "great", and not the qualities in the art works themselves. A sudden surge of "Type A" men, all possessing a special skill in creating (or in understanding) Type A art, will soon reduce that type of art to mediocrity no matter how superior it had previously been considered.

Mail Coupon Immediately

STUART PUBLICATIONS, Dept. RN-2
330 Beacon St., Boston, Mass. 02116

☐ You may send me the hard-cover, 153-page, color-illustrated book, HYPOCRISY ABOUT ART. After ten days' examination I will either return the book for complete credit or pay the regular retail price of $4.95, plus 20¢ postage. Also send me the pamphlet, THE GAG ABOUT ART BEING IMMORTAL, which will remain my property whether I return the big book or not.

☐ I enclose 50¢ for just the pamphlet. If later, I send for the book and decide to keep it, the 50¢ will count as a credit towards the regular price of the book.

Name .....

Address .....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Changing the Human Habitat

by Wolf Von Eckardt

Despite our furious digging and building with all that new technological energy, we seem to be unable to provide adequate shelter for our rapidly proliferating species. In most parts of the world the shortage of decent housing is desperate. Even in the prosperous United States a quarter of the population still lives in slums. We only seem to be making a mess of our environment. In no country or region, with the possible exception of Holland, is there an overall plan to guide the fury of new construction. Modern cities, says the Greek planner Doxiadis, are "an urban nightmare." Ninety-five percent of all building around the world just seems to happen. It is not designed by architects. And even the five percent that has been professionally designed is technically not as efficient as we are theoretically able to make it. As Buckminster Fuller puts it, we're shooting for the moon, "but nobody really knows anything about plumbing." Neither does anyone know how to restore the badly disturbed ecological balance in the modern human habitat.

Ideas and Integrities: A Spontaneous Autobiographical Disclosure
by Buckminster Fuller
(Prentice-Hall; $6.95)

Architecture in Transition
by Constantinos A. Doxiadis
(Oxford; $7.50)

In this "spontaneous autobiographical disclosure," the inventor and philosopher Bucky Fuller reiterates what he has been saying for years: Science is almost exclusively preoccupied with weaponry. What slight advances we have seen in building technology are usually by-products of defense research. Housing is the stepchild of industrial development. He would have the world turn from weaponry to "livingry."

The way to do it, says Bucky, is to turn architects into modern Renaissance men who'll know all about human ecology, physical science, social science, technology, "synergy" and the "total physico-economic picture" and proceed from there to go to town.

Doxiadis is somewhat more down to earth. But he, too, would like to see a new breed of architects who would dwarf Leonardo. The architect, he says, "should not be afraid to return to his age-old role of being the real builder of architecture. But in addition he has to understand that he must also be a manager, a planner, an administrator, a scientist and an artist."

Both Fuller and Doxiadis strongly imply that educational and professional specialization has been a failure. Both call for a new generalist, for a comprehensive approach to our environmental problems, for total design.

The thought is not new. Walter Gropius founded the Bauhaus in Weimar 45 years ago on the premise of merging art and technology into a new synthesis. Out of this synthesis was to arise "the new building of the future . . . like the crystal symbol of a new faith." To an astounding extent it did. But for Bucky neither the new building style nor the new faith are technologically radical enough. The international style, he says, just created the illusion of being technically more advanced than previous styles, gaining a "dramatic sensorial impingement upon society, as does a magician the attention of children." The new form givers, he says, "never went back of the wall surface to look at the plumbing" and don't know more about sewage systems than India did ca. 2500 BC. Building prefabrication, for inexpensive mass production, he asserts, has been an "irresponsible" and "incompetent" frustration.

Doxiadis, too, holds that the architectural revolution is far from completed. It has established its beachheads, he says, only with a few unique monuments – the sensational corporation palaces, theaters, museums, large hospitals or university buildings that

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"A pinball destiny"

"It was as if Damon Runyon had written the last act of a tragedy by Sophocles. The most unlikely nemesis of all time was 52-year-old Jack Ruby, born Jack Leon Rubenstein, a 'street-smart' operator who togged out his fantasies in the Al Capone panoply of white-on-white shirts, triple-ringed hands, and snap-brim fedoras. Ruby, born to nothing in the ghetto of Chicago's West Side, ricocheted through a pinball destiny until he fell into place, master of the grubby revels for the bravos and backslappers of Dallas night life."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JULES FEIFFER

WE ON THE RIGHT ARE AT A LOSS TO UNDERSTAND THE MEANING OF THE WORD "RADICAL" AS USED IN THE PHRASE, "RADICAL RIGHT."

THE TERM "RADICAL" IN THIS CONTEXT CAN ONLY BE DEFENDED WHEN APPLIED TO WHAT OUR SOCIETY **PRETENDS** TO BE, NOT WHAT IT **IS**.

AFTER ALL, DOES NOT THE RADICAL RIGHT STAND FOR PRINCIPLES THAT MOST AMERICANS, ONCE THEY ARE **COMFORTABLE**, GENERALLY SUPPORT: —

i.e., "I'VE GOT MINE, YOU GET YOURS"?

©1964 JULES FEIFFER

RECENT POLLS CITING NORTHERN WHITE REACTION TO THE CIVIL-RIGHTS MOVEMENT ILLUSTRATE HOW LITTLE THE NATION IS INTERESTED IN EQUALITY WHEN A MIDDLE-CLASS, WHITE CROSS SECTION IS NOT INVOLVED.

SO THE RADICAL RIGHT'S PROGRAM IN THE INTEGRATION FIELD DOES NOT DIFFER FROM THE **REAL** DESIRES OF THE MAN ON THE STREET. HOWEVER, IT **DOES** DIFFER FROM WHAT THE MAN ON THE STREET HAS BEEN **TAUGHT** HE SHOULD DESIRE.

IN THIS CASE, AND OTHERS, THE RADICAL RIGHT CAN BE CALLED "RADICAL" ONLY IN THE SENSE THAT IT DEPARTS FROM OUR **OFFICIAL** BELIEFS, NOT OUR **PRIVATE** ONES.

ONCE WE GET PEOPLE TO VOTE **EMOTIONALLY** INSTEAD OF **RATIONALLY** WE WILL WIN IN A LANDSLIDE.

The Hall Syndicate, Inc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CHOOSE ANY 3 for $3.33

(in a one-year trial C.A.S. membership)

To introduce you to the CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY—the book club of the 60s—

You may take your pick of any three of the books listed below for $3.33 (values up to $23.45)—if you agree to buy three additional C.A.S. selections or alternates during the coming year at savings up to 25 per cent off the publisher's price.

Select Any Three

( ) **THE STATESMAN'S YEARBOOK**
Ed. S. H. Steinberg

( ) **THE SENATE ESTABLISHMENT**
By Sen. Joseph S. Clark
(Forword: James MacGregor Burns)

( ) **CHANGE, HOPE AND THE BOMB**
David E. Lilienthal

( ) **THE PSEUDO-ETHIC**
Margaret Halsey

( ) **AMERICA COMES OF MIDDLE AGE**
Murray Kempton

( ) **THE POLITICS OF HOPE**
Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr.

( ) **MANDATE FOR CHANGE**
Dwight D. Eisenhower

( ) **CHINA'S POLITICS IN PERSPECTIVE**
Harold S. Quigley

( ) **PARTIES AND POLITICS IN AMERICA**
Clinton Rossiter

( ) **THE UNFINISHED SOCIETY**
Herbert Von Borch

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY

Sponsors: Walter Lippmann, Dorothy Fosdick, Marquis Childs.

Board of Judges: Richard Rovere, John Sherman Cooper, Roscoe Drummond, A. H. Raskin, Louis Lyons, Jerome B. Wiesner, Ernest K. Lindley; Robert G. Spivack, Chairman.

Send This Coupon Today

CONTEMPORARY AFFAIRS SOCIETY
National Press Bldg., Washington 4, D.C.

Please enroll me as a member of C.A.S. and send the books checked above. I agree to purchase three additional C.A.S. selections or alternates during the coming year. I will advise you if I do not wish the monthly selection or prefer some other book or no book at all.

( ) Payment enclosed (save postage and handling) $3.33
( ) Bill me later (postage and handling extra) NR 164

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

are featured in our magazines. And even here modern architecture threatens to establish the kind of academicism it set out to abolish. It is an architecture obsessed with megalomania, as it has been through the ages, neglecting the common man. The job of housing the multitudes is left to the industrialist or the contractor, "with the result that nothing is offered but conformist solutions. . . . Architecture is thus created not by architects but in spite of them."

As a result, Doxiadis, like Fuller, finds that "from a scientific standpoint, architecture is less advanced than any other field of activity in our era," that it "lags behind in the field of constructional techniques, where its contribution is still elementary, not to say primitive" and that, "due to the great inertia of architectural creation," its art is wanting as well.

But when it comes right down to it, both Doxiadis and Bucky Fuller leave art and the artist out of their canons. Their "master builder" or "comprehensive designer" has no intuitive, spontaneous feeling for the aspirations of modern man. Nor does he have a comprehensive vision to follow. His architecture, if that is what he would build, is not an expression of human culture. It would emerge from a well programmed electronic computer.

Walter Gropius, in contrast, though he has been much and falsely accused of being a materialist functionalist, calls for "search rather than research" and would make use "not only of the scientist and engineer but of the artist who is their legitimate brother."

Doxiadis is an eminently practical man who presents his ideas lucidly with all kinds of charts. He practices what he preaches. A Greek architect-engineer, and for some years co-ordinator of his country's post-war recovery program, he heads a global city planning firm with branches in thirteen countries and such clients as the governments of Ghana, India, Iraq, Pakistan and Philadelphia's vast Eastwick project. He is a flamboyant man with exquisite manners, dress to match and a waxed mustache. His credo is "ekistiks" which, he says in this book, "co-ordinates economics, social sciences, political and administrative sciences, technology and aesthetics into a coherent whole and leads to the creation of a new type of human habitat."

The new type of habitat is what used to be called a "strip development" and what Doxiadis calls "dynapolis"—a city which grows along one central traffic artery. It is flanked on either side with commercial, industrial, cultural and administrative buildings behind which are "the human sectors," or complete communities with their own schools, shopping and recreation. The first pure "dynapolis" is now being built in Islamabad, the new capital of Pakistan. But Doxiadis applies its principle to most of his city planning.

Bucky Fuller, as the world knows, is a most remarkable man and the inventor of the geodesic dome and the dymaxion house, world map, bathroom and automobile which are all, indirectly, proving to be a rather useful stimulant. Unfortunately, he is also the inventor of his own written language which is of no use at all, least to himself. His book is written almost entirely in this Bucky-de-gook.

I'll spare you his definition of "teleologic" which, he says, is the key to his cosmic rambling, his preoccupation and resultant proclivities. But I can't resist just one quotation, chosen at random, at the risk of showing up poor Bucky as an incoherent crackpot which he is decidely not. He says here that our literate in contrast to previous illiterate societies is slowly accumulating experience and knowledge and therefore produces "continuous man." And then comes that sentence of which there are many hundreds in this chaotic, redundant book:

> "My continuous man represents a world-around interlinked and continuously intercommunicating continuity of consciousness, which with the spoken word and the invention of mathematics and discovery of generalized principles operative in universe and discovery of the total resources of earth and the character of the total resources of universe, constitute a continuous extra-corporeal memory and a continuously improving extra-corporeal rearrangement of the total resource of unique pattern behaviors of physical universe within which only individual

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man is engulfed as an inherent island of physical discontinuity."

Only very rarely do these *Ideas and Integrities* give you a glimpse of the real, living and lovable Bucky as I recently encountered him at a small dinner party. There he sat, like a somewhat clumsy owl, squatting stiffly at the edge of his chair. It took but a hint of a cue in the form of some conversational question and off he flew into his soaring idea associations, keeping everyone spellbound for hours.

Listening and, yes, even soaring along, because he answers even stupid questions with enthusiastic and lengthy precision. It is an experience much as that new drug, lysergic acid diethylamide, or LSD, is reported to evoke. Under Bucky's immediate spell, everything he says seems lucid, colorful and brilliant like crystal and just as transparently logical in its structure. The next morning, however, the world is still the same as it always was. You are left only with a vague memory that makes you wish it were as Bucky would have it.

Or do you? There was, for instance that bit about the population explosion being only a momentary, hysterical cocktail conversation game. There is enough indoor space in New York City, you see, for the entire world population, with room to spare for everyone to dance the twist. It's only the morning after that you wonder what that proves.

There are those geodesic domes, that they now only use for the military and for exhibition shelters. You can produce them oh so cheaply and cart them around in helicopters. But the morning after you wonder what kind of an environment whole cities of these things would make. They don't have a decent entrance. They are all the same. And who wants all of Manhattan covered with one of them so it will never rain and be eternally air conditioned? We don't get enough fresh air as is.

Sure, you probably can spray yourself clean with one gallon of water properly high-pressured so the mist covers you for ten minutes. But I want a leisurely bath in a tub and so, I am sure, want the teeming millions in arid regions now that they know *I* have one.

Nevertheless, Bucky's marathon talks in more than a hundred architecture schools around the earth have given him a charismatic halo among students as big and enduring as one of his domes. He has so impressed the International Union of Architects that it has asked him to design ways of teaching "livingry" to "comprehensive designers" of the future. And that is what he is now doing at Southern Illinois University at Carbondale.

As part of his courses he proposes to build a "minnie-earth" two-hundred feet in diameter, so you can see your own house on it. It would provide architecture students not only with a global site for world planning, but on it he would also, by means of computers and other gadgets, project in motion pictures the historical pattern and future trends of geology, population growth, natural resources and other data in their proper place and time relationships.

What he is after, of course, is to teach these students and anyone else who will listen, to start thinking in the total context of the world's resources and needs and apply to them all of man's technological and scientific capabilities.

"I am intent to break out of the cocoon of impotence," says Bucky. He wants "to make the world work without politics." And that may be a more endearing vision than "dynapolis."

Frankly, I don't know if I would be happy in a world, where, as Bucky would have it, you walk into a telephone booth one morning and ask them to put up an environmentally perfectly controlled dwelling device that afternoon. It would contain all the gadgets they put into space rockets. When you are through with it, the company will remove it.

But then, Bucky's automated, "synergic," "dymaxion" world will eliminate all physical drudgery. We'll spend all our time at intellectual activity. "The great industry of tomorrow will be the university, and everyone will be going to school."

Well, maybe I do wish the world were as Bucky would have it. Though I'd miss politics just a little.

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Kicking the Coppers"

"Unlike most people, the British have traditionally admired their policemen. The British bobby, social historian John D. Scott once wrote, is regarded as 'a decent person ... who is in authority but never loses his temper—he is the English ideal.' That was eight years ago. Today, the fashionable gag going the rounds in London from roughneck Notting Hill Gate to uppercrust Mayfair is: 'Don't forget! Kick a copper for Christmas.'"

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS

Dean Swift in the 20th Century

Stanley Kubrick's new film *Dr. Strangelove,* is the best American picture that I can remember since Chaplin's *Monsieur Verdoux* and Huston's *Treasure of the Sierra Madre* (both 1947). The

Dr. Strangelove
(Columbia)

screenplay is by Kubrick, Terry Southern (whose touch is tartly manifest), and Peter George, and is derived from George's novel *Red Alert* (originally published as *Two Hours to Doom,* by "Peter Bryant") which, as was pointed out some time ago in this journal, had roughly the same plot basis as *Fail-Safe* and had it earlier. A nuclear attack is accidentally launched on Russia; in order to avert retaliation and total war, the American President calls the Soviet premier to warn him that the unintended attack is coming and to help him destroy the US planes. But one plane gets through, drops its megaton message, and detonates the Soviet Doomsday Machine, a thermonuclear device which, once triggered, cannot be untriggered and which will blanket the earth with radioactive material for 93 years. This film is a comedy.

A comedy, not a satire. Satire, in Fowler's good definition, is aimed at amendment. It is written by men about men for the improvement of their world. *Dr. Strangelove* has been made, quintessentially, from the viewpoint of another race on another planet or in another universe, observing how mankind, its reflexes scored in its nervous system and its mind entangled in orthodoxies, insisted on destroying itself. The film, therefore, does not hope to alter men; it is simply a (distant?) future report on what happened; as recounted by Mark Twain's Satan to a moderately interested Lord or by an amused scout to Hardy's President of the Immortals. It is so truthful a film, so unsparing, so hopeless in the last pit-bottom depths of that word, that the very blackness has a kind of shine. It is to the vestige or promise of the Olympian in us that it speaks, and it is that possibly saving remnant in us that it makes laugh.

Thus the comedy, which might also be called *Whatever Happened to Man?,* is that, as we watch his fate overtake him and vice versa, we note his ingenuity (very cute), his irrationality, (incredible), his idealism (pathetic). Tragedy might have been possible in this history of his, if perfection had been possible in his future, but the point seems to be that this is "the promised end." There is nothing to prevent the film's being seen as a cautionary tale, still its subject matter is the so-far incurable in us. The text might have been taken from Shaw's Devil in *Man and Superman:*

> "The power that governs the earth is not the power of Life but of Death; and the inner need that has nerved Life to the effort of organizing itself into the human being is not the need for higher life but for a more efficient engine of destruction."

This is not a film to please Peace Marchers or Nuclear Disarmers. It does not tell us what we must do to be saved. Nor is it a comfort for those who find snug superiority in irony: from the juvenile insipidities of Carl Foreman on film to the obscenity-decked liberal platitudes of Lenny Bruce in nightclubs. This film says, "Ban the bomb and they'll find another way. The real Doomsday Machine is men."

The story takes place in three principal settings. (The wild college-humor proper names that follow are not, in my view, attempts to amuse; they are indications of *amusement* – derogations rather than jokes.) These settings are: the office of General Jack D. Ripper, Commander of Burpelson Air Base; the Pentagon War Room with a conference headed by President Merkin Muffley (erotica students, observe) and Chief

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Dream boats"

"He had spent 64 years in jail, longer probably than any man alive.... Honeck was speaking in the austere 5- by 11-foot cell he had occupied for eleven years. From there he could look across a corridor and through a dirt-stained window. He could see a segment of highway, a stretch of railroad track, a tall stand of trees, and the Mississippi River gleaming broadly beyond. Through that window, he saw the steam locomotive give way to the diesel, and the Model-T to the shining dream boats of today."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of Staff "Buck" Turgidson (observe again), attended by the Russian ambassador and a top US scientific advisor, Dr. Strangelove, a cripple in a wheel-chair whose name originally was Dr. Merkwuerdigichliebe and who has the accent to prove it. The third setting is the interior of the one plane that, maimed, fights through to drop a bomb under the command of Major "King" Kong, a Texan to end all Texans, which – along with many others – he does.

General Ripper is a kind of triple-distilled Bircher, convinced of a Communist plot to take over the country as proved by fluoridation of water. He feels that our government is laggard, that his only recourse is to launch an attack by his own group, thus forcing the US inevitably to implement the attack and thus making himself a maligned but justified savior of all things decent. On his staff is a British exchange officer, Captain Mandrake, who quickly sees that Ripper has gone mad and tries to wheedle out of him the recall code for the planes. Meanwhile, under direct presidential order, other US troops are storming the air base to capture Ripper. He commits suicide before they break in. Mandrake then puzzles out the proper code from some pet phrases of the General and telephones them to the Pentagon – with the reluctant permission of his captor, Colonel "Bat" Guano – in time to have all but one of the planes recalled.

The film bristles along on sharp points before, during, and after the events above: the President's homey telephone conversations with Premier Kissoff; the Russian ambassador's mania for espionage with tiny cameras; Turgidson's automatic joy that one of his planes has broken through the Russian defenses; the navigator carefully correcting an error in his log as the wounded plane approaches its goal and certain end. All these are inescapably (it seems) hilarious and all are further proof, to cite Shaw's Devil again, of man's chief inventions:

> "Of the sword and gun; above all, of justice, duty, patriotism and all the other isms by which even those who are clever enough to be humanely disposed are persuaded to become the most destructive of all the destroyers."

Kubrick's films up to now have all given strong evidence of his incisiveness, his mordant humor, his felicitous eye, his cool maneuver of dramatic impact. The script of *Paths of Glory* (1957) had all the simplistic and banal anti-war propaganda that *Dr. Strangelove* transcends, but it was executed with ruthless, vivid immediacy. *Spartacus* (1960) was the best of the post-television film spectacles, an entertaining, if mindless, show with many well-done scenes, intimate and panoramic. *Lolita* (1962) was tantalizingly unsatisfactory, but in such sequences as the opening murder, it predicted the qualities that have now suavely exploded in his new film. *Dr. Strangelove* is, first and foremost, absolutely unflinching: relentlessly perceptive of human beings to the point of inhumanity. In technique, it understates provocatively and comments by apposition. Kubrick's precise use of camera angles, his uncanny sense of lighting, his punctuation with close-ups and occasionally with zoom shots, all galvanize the picture into macabre yet witty reality. Above all, one senses that Kubrick *exists* and that this film is the artistic result of his existence, not the product of a couple of clever ideas, some conferences, a budget.

There are short-comings. The casting of Sterling Hayden as Ripper was, in a way, too right. The rest of the cast, because they are comedians, comment on their parts as they play them. Hayden, evidently humorless, presents Ripper the only way he can: as deadly realistically as he would in any Stanley Kramer anti-war film. If George C. Scott, who is excellent as Turgidson, had played Ripper, the fanatic would have been flayed as well as portrayed. Even Keenan Wynn, nicely deadpan as Guano, could have improved the part. Hayden's chief asset is that he looks exactly right – like a famous reactionary columnist, in fact.

Peter Sellers plays three roles, Mandrake, Muffley, and the title role, and, of course, differentiates them miraculously. His RAF-type is renowned and here is extremely subtly rendered. His American and German accents are familiar from *Lolita* and again are frighteningly accurate. Strangelove is viciously complete; but the well-meaning president lacks points of character geography, and might have been improved with specific references to latter-day presidents and public figures.

The "newsreel" shots of the US soldiers attacking the US base seem out of place, not so much because the comedy is chilled by the sight of actual deaths but because individual deaths are on too small a scale for this comedy. The bomber crew are somewhat incongruously "straight" as against their somewhat cartoon commander. The mushroom explosions at the end, over a chorus of *We'll Meet Again*, go on about twice as long as necessary.

But all these defects only keep the

FREE!

with trial subscription, the current issue of

Commentary

the distinguished independent journal of thought and opinion sponsored as a public service by the American Jewish Committee.

which includes:

GERMAN CATHOLICISM, THE VATICAN AND THE JEWS: 1925-1945, by Guenter Lewy. Why Pope Pius XII never issued a public protest against the Nazi assault on the Jews. A 12,000 word, meticulously documented account based on Dr. Lewy's original researches into Vatican and German archives and papers in Bonn and Washington.

TWO STORIES, by the great Russian-Jewish master, Isaac Babel, never before translated into English.

THE MEANING OF NEGRO STRATEGY, by David Danzig. How the Negro bloc of yesterday has become the mass movement of today. A specialist in ethnic politics answers in terms of a continuing pattern in American history.

If not pleased with free issue let us know within 10 days and your subscription will be cancelled. This offer is for new subscribers only.

COMMENTARY, Dept. NR5
165 East 56th St., New York, N.Y. 10022
Please send, free, the next issue of COMMENTARY. In addition, enter my name for a 9-month trial subscription for $2.70. I may cancel after first free issue and you will send no bill.

Name .....
Address .....
City/Zone .....State.....

☐ EXTRA ISSUE! Enclose $2.70 now and we will extend your subscription to ten months. Same cancellation with full refund.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

film from perfection, not from power, from blow-torch assault.

In its mode it stands alone, too much so, among recent American films. In the American novel, recent work by Terry Southern himself, Joseph Heller, J. P. Donleavy, and an imminent first novel by Elliott Baker are creating a kind of modern Swiftian tradition. (An antecedent not lost in this film: the plane's first target is "Laputa.") But *Dr. Strangelove* is not eminent merely because of the flatness of surrounding movie country: it is a fine achievement: a fiery laugh at those humans down there, parochially self-righteous and self-condemned.

I see that I have omitted to mention the picture's full title. It is *Dr. Strangelove: or How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb.*

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

THEATER

Mid-Season Gleanings

The Chinese Prime Minister
by Enid Bagnold
(Royal Theater)
The Lover
by Harold Pinter
Play
by Samuel Beckett
(Cherry Lane)
The Trojan Women
by Euripides
translated by Edith Hamilton
(Circle in the Square)

A play about old age should not itself be tired, but the writing in *The Chinese Prime Minister* is sometimes more enfeebled than its subject matter. Enid Bagnold, I am informed, was seven years about it. That's too long, especially when the work still lacks plot, or focus, or clear intention. I would guess that the author spent the major portion of those years honing up her dialogue, for each line has been sharpened to a fine edge. But she has grown too sage, and the epigrams tend to come out homilies. Take, as typical, this sentiment, which I assume to be the theme of the play: "The only way to enjoy death is to exhaust life." Note how Miss Bagnold has structured the thought; note the Latinate balance, the euphuistic contrasts, the rhetorical antitheses. Note also that, for all its formal finish, the sentence offers purely routine wisdom. This may be a personal prejudice, but the *carpe diem* motif has begun to strike me as a commonplace and sentimental notion. There is something contradictory in these self-conscious exhortations to instinctual pleasure – and something useless, too, since how does one decide to follow such advice? Miss Bagnold is too tasteful to tell her audience to enjoy, enjoy, live life to the fullest, realize every golden moment, or whatever else that such hedonists as Harry Golden, Maurice Chevalier, and Thornton Wilder are urging us to do these days. Still, one senses her wrestling with a like temptation; and there is a quality in her play which is as banal as the proverbialism in a fortune cookie.

In short, *The Chinese Prime Minister* lacks the poetic suggestiveness that so distinguished Miss Bagnold's previous drama, *The Chalk Garden*. And though it employs many of the same characters (the doddering butler on the verge of death, the demoralized but still rebellious young girl, the elegant old lady with the idiosyncratic ideas), these characters now seem very isolated and disjunct, lost in the separate corridors of the author's mind. As if aware of this, Miss Bagnold has shaped them to a Chekhovian design, while borrowing that loose, eccentric structure that Shaw used in *Heartbreak House* – the play wanders, lurches, and ambles according to the author's fancy. In *The Chalk Garden*, the action was built around a supenseful plot; here, it is built around a 70-year-old actress on a latter-day quest for identity. But the character is simply not interesting enough to justify the loss of narrative. Joseph Anthony's static direction, furthermore, fails to keep the play moving; and Margaret Leighton's performance as the questing septuagenarian is surprisingly flat, jittery, and artificial. I liked Alan Webb's venerable butler, though, muttering like old Firs, and disappearing, like Captain Shotover, in the middle of speeches – it is Miss Bagnold's conceit to have him die, twice, and return to life both times, "like a watch one shakes." Nicely phrased.

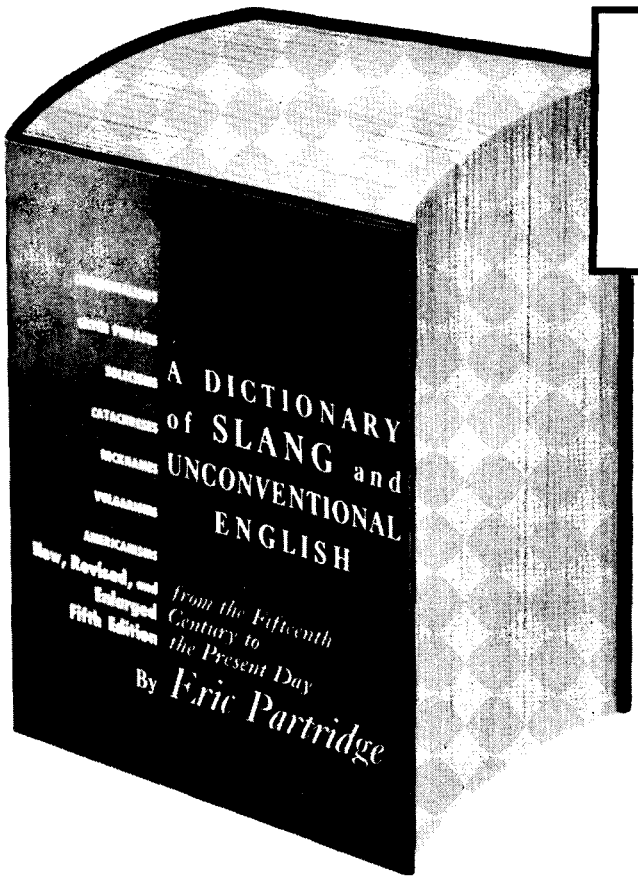
At the Cherry Lane, Harold Pinter has been matched with Samuel Beckett in a program of two short plays. This would seem to be like pairing the master with the man, except that Pinter – as he demonstrated last year in *The Collection* – is no longer Beckett's creature. The livery he now wears is that of Pirandello, for he is beginning to examine the consequences of role-playing and the elusiveness of reality, using a domestic setting, and drawing his characters not from the proletariat but rather from the suburban middle-class. This change gives Pinter an opportunity to exercise his considerable wit, sophistication, and theatrical resourcefulness, but for all his adroitness, he remains an essentially shallow dramatist. *The Lover*, certainly, is a feeble anecdote, only barely rescued from pure stage trickery. It concerns a man and his wife, both involved in adulterous affairs, who are eventually revealed to be each other's paramours, playing parts for the sake of sexual stimulation. Pinter uses up half his material to establish this identity, meanwhile extracting humor from the couple's seeming indifference to each other's adventures; then he begins to make the more interesting point that the husband, as lover, is growing tired of the wife, as mistress, and that both of them are getting lost and confused in their roles. All of this, I should add, is done with that mysterious simplicity that Pinter

"THE WINDS OF CHANGE *are blowing hard in Zanzibar, where whiffs of Cuban cigars and opium pipes mingle strangely with the scent of spices in the fragrant African night. The hated Union Jack had flown for 74 years. Only last December all Zanzibar saluted the Sign of the Clove. It flew for 34 days. And so we say farewell, Sultan, and farewell to Zanzibar, land of mystery, land of change.* (Music up and out.)"

For the current issue of NATIONAL REVIEW, send 25¢ to Dept. R-6, 150 E. 35 St., New York 16, N. Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

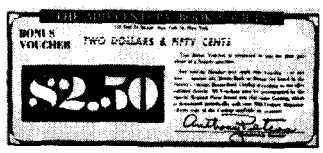
ANY 3 BOOKS FREE



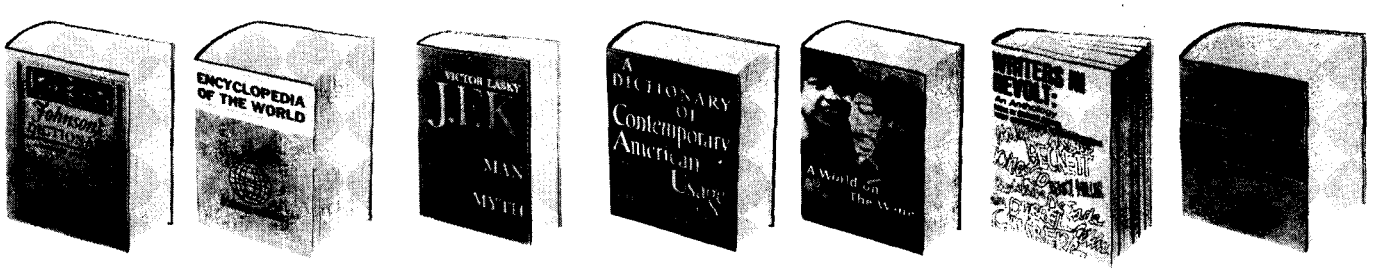
☐ **132. DICTIONARY OF SLANG & UNCONVENTIONAL ENGLISH** *by Eric Partridge.* Defines the "secret" words not in regular dictionaries, including colloquialisms, argot, slang, cant, Americanisms, catch phrases, nicknames, vulgarisms, "four-letter words," etc. *The new revised and enlarged 5th edition — 1,376 pp., 50,000 definitions totaling 1,400,000 words, 9½ x 7 x 2½ inches.* [*Published by Macmillan Co.*]
PUBLISHER'S RETAIL PRICE $16

WE WILL GIVE YOU...

- **ANY 3 BOOKS FREE**—even if one of your choices is this $16 Dictionary!
- **PLUS 1 OR MORE OTHER BOOKS** for only $2.95 each *regardless of regular retail prices up to $10 or more!*
- **PLUS $2.50 BONUS VOUCHER** for each and every book you buy later. These $2.50 *Bonus Vouchers*—which may be applied immediately, at any time, toward other books of your choice—are *given in addition to massive outright discounts* on books offered by The Mid-Century Book Society, which has been called "America's most rewarding book club." You receive at least one $2.50 Voucher for each purchase—even on the many books offered to members in the low $3 to $5 range. Other books often earn *more* than one voucher.



- **SAVE UP TO 90% NOW.** New readers may thus save up to 90% *now*—by joining the Society *at this time.* While you need take only one book at the introductory *extra-discount* price, the more you take the more you save.
- **PLUS STILL ANOTHER FREE BOOK** [See coupon below] if you remit *now* for each book you take at the extra-discount price for new members.
- **CANCELLATION.** *Either*—return all these books after 2-weeks' free examination, without cost or obligation. *Or*—take only two more books during the coming year out of hundreds to be offered.
- **THE MID-CENTURY MAGAZINE FREE,** bringing you advance reviews of new books published each month—with informed recommendations of books to both read and *keep* [no fall-apart paperbacks] in every subject-category—books for pleasure, profit, reference ... for the many interests, needs and appetites of America's "New Renaissance" readers ... the best *novels, non-fiction, reference works, biographies, art books, histories*—and many more.
- **PROFIT SHARING:** Because the Society can order books in large quantities, it shares profits with members through sensationally *lower prices* plus the *Bonus Book Vouchers.* Members can thus buy first-run books—in publishers' regular cloth-bound editions for their permanent libraries [not cardboard-bound "cheapies"]—for less than throw-away paperbacks cost!
- **BECAUSE** many of the books offered in this announcement are in short supply, **fulfillment of this offer can only be guaranteed for 30 days.** *Please, therefore, enter all your choices by number on the Request Form—and mail without delay.*



PLEASE ORDER BY NUMBER

The GERMAN "CATCH-22"

☐ **181. THE OFFICER FACTORY** *by Hans Hellmut Kirst.* Revolving around a mysterious murder in a Nazi officers' training school in 1944, this great new novel presents an intimate picture of the behind-the-scenes chaos of Hitler's Third Reich in a series of gripping events that range from nerve-tearing tragedy to high comedy. (502 pp.) *Retail $6.50.*

☐ **224. WRITERS IN REVOLT,** *edited by Richard Seaver, Terry Southern & Alexander Trocchi.* An outstanding collection of the constructively shocking writing of avant garde authors of today and yesterday, among them: *de Sade, Baudelaire, Henry Miller, Lawrence Durrell, Sartre, Allen Ginsberg. Retail $7.50.*

ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORDS

☐ **53. ORIGINS by Eric Partridge.** The most comprehensive encyclopedia-dictionary in 53 years of words and their origins. Covers words—common and uncommon—including many popularly supposed to be slang or vulgar. For example: "the only two words forbidden to be printed in full everywhere in the British Commonwealth" are revealed to be "superbluebloods" whose origins even antedate ancient Latin! 12,000 alphabetized sections [including definitions and foreign equivalents] in 1,300,000 words; 970 pages. *Retail $16.00.*

☐ **233. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF THE WORLD.** The "insider's" guide to *all* the world — 9700 provinces, states and municipalities of all 188 nations. 1700 pp., 1,000,000 words; full-color maps; charts; extensive and comprehensive index. *Retail $10.00.*

☐ **149. A WORLD ON THE WANE.** This exploration of humanity at its most basic is perhaps the most remarkable work ever published on a sexually uninhibited primitive culture. 116 revealing photographs and drawings. *Retail $12.50.*

☐ **933. JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY: A Modern Selection** from the most famous and most wickedly personal dictionary of all time. A delight to read and browse. *Retail $6.50.*

☐ **238. A DICTIONARY OF CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN USAGE** *by Bergen & Cornelia Evans.* Complete, up-to-date dictionary of usage ... style, punctuation, idioms, etc. *Retail $6.95.*

☐ **223. MEMOIRS OF HADRIAN** *by Yourcenar. Profuse Illus. Ret. $7.00.*

☐ **252. J.F.K.** *by Victor Lasky. Retail $7.95.*

☐ **908. THE DOUGHBOYS: The Story of The AEF [1917-18]** *by L. Stallings. 102 B&W and 134 full color illus. Retail $5.95*

☐ **242. THE POOH PERPLEX** *by F. C. Crews and* **THE ELEPHANT** *by S. Mrozek:* [2-bk. set]. *Both illus. Comb. Retail $6.90.*

☐ **800. ON HER MAJESTY'S SECRET SERVICE** *by Ian Fleming. Ret. $4.50.*

☐ **915. THE LAST OF THE INCAS** *by Hyams & Ordish. Illus. Retail $6.00.*

☐ **965. LORD OF THE FLIES** *by W. Golding and* **THE PETTY DEMON** *by F. Sologub.* [2-bk. set]. *Comb. Retail $9.95.*

☐ **998. THE FIRST WORLD WAR. A PHOTO HISTORY** *by L. Stallings. Retail $7.50.*

☐ **106. THE DELIGHTS OF DETECTION** *ed. by J. Barzun. Retail $5.95.*

☐ **161. THE DECLINE OF THE WEST** *by Spengler. Retail $8.95.*

☐ **125E. GREAT ENGLISH SHORT NOVELS** *ed. by C. Connolly. Retail $7.50.*

☐ **125F. GREAT FRENCH SHORT NOVELS** *ed. by F. Dupee. Retail $7.50.*

☐ **125R. GREAT RUSSIAN SHORT NOVELS** *ed. by P. Rahv. Ret. $7.50.*

☐ **162. CAUTIONARY VERSES** *by Hilaire Belloc. Retail $6.00.*

FREE
If payment is enclosed with order

FOUR SCREENPLAYS OF INGMAR BERGMAN, one of the greatest film-makers of our time. Here are included *all* the situations "cut" from the screen versions—plus every delightful subtlety of dialogue. The Screenplays: *Smiles of A Summer Night, Wild Strawberries, The Seventh Seal* and *The Magician.*
Pub. Ed. $6.00

REQUEST FORM

NR-48

Mail to: THE MID-CENTURY BOOK SOCIETY, 115 East 31st Street, N. Y. 16, N. Y.

Enroll me as a trial member and send me the 3 FREE BOOKS indicated below—charging me only for the one or more other books ordered at the *special new-member price* of only $2.95 each.

My only obligation is to buy two future selections during the coming year from the 100 or more to be offered at average savings of 50% under the publishers' retail prices. Over and above outright *Discounts,* I am to receive at least one *$2.50 Bonus Book Voucher* with each book purchased.

[PLEASE INDICATE YOUR CHOICES BELOW BY NUMBER.]

I. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTIONS FREE — with New-Member Purchase(s) at right.

II. SEND THE FOLLOWING SELECTION(S) AT SPECIAL NEW-MEMBER'S PRICE ($2.95).

Name _____

Address _____ City _____ Zone _____ State _____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Any Book

Out-of-print books located—no matter how old or long out-of-print. Name the book—we'll find it for you! (Title alone is sufficient.) All authors, subjects. Fiction, nonfiction. No obligation.

Books-On-File
Dept. NEW Union City, N. J.

EUROPE

An unregimented trip stressing individual freedom. Low cost yet covers all the usual plus places other tours miss. Unless the standard tour is a "must" for you, discover this unique tour before you go to Europe.
EUROPE SUMMER TOURS
255 Sequoia, Dept. N—Pasadena, California

333 EUROPEAN HOTELS

140 cities, 19 countries covered in handy list of excellent, inexpensive hotels. Prices, Addresses.

BON VOYAGE $1.
Box 24684NR
Los Angeles 24, Calif.

PAINT AS YOU LEARN—and start framing your work this very winter!

Now Available in English!

Here it is! The fabulous Martin-Barbaz "self-teaching course" that is turning Frenchmen from Paris to Provence into accomplished artists . . . now ready to fill your weekends and holidays with creative joy.
This delightfully simple method lets you set your own pace . . . learn rules the natural way —by *painting!* You'll marvel at the ease with which lighthouses, bridges, summer friends, city scenes and natural wonders come to life on your canvas. You learn . . . How to choose your best subjects for still life, landscape, flowers, portraits, nudes, marine and genre paintings.
How to make quick on-the-spot sketches.
How to master perspective.
How to convey mood and motion . . . render trees, mountains, rocks, water, animals, people . . . reflections, rain, mist, stormy skies, dawn, twilight, summer night.
Techniques of brushwork—and how to develop your own original style. MUCH MORE!

FAST PROGRESS GUARANTEED!
Illustrated ORDER NOW!
THE HOLIDAY PAINTER
by J. Martin-Barbaz
$4.95 Postfree. 10-day Money-Back Guarantee
EMERSON BOOKS, Dept. 856-M
251 West 19th Street, New York 11, N.Y.

controls so well – and it is gracefully acted by Hilda Brawner and Michael Lipton – but it does not bring us very far beyond the surprise plots of O. Henry.

Beckett's new work, *Play*, is subtitled "An Act" – it is more like a spasm, since it comes and goes in an instant. Still, for all its brevity, it is a strangely moving experience; and although Beckett is again using a rather familiar stage image, the piece is something of a new departure. Immobilized in three gigantic urns, above which only their tilted heads are visible, a man and two women stare blankly into the middle distance, unable to budge, unconscious of each other's presence. They represent a wife, her husband, and his sometime mistress, and now they seem to be imprisoned in one of the lower circles of hell, damned to ruminate eternally on their petty lives and vices. What they recite, in abrupt and discontinuous phrases, is a litany of adultery, punctuated by the man's dyspepsia, the woman's screams, the wife's laughter, and conducted by a cold finger of light which picks at their heads with cruel indifference to pain. Guided by a malicious unseen will, this diabolical beam sets the rhythm and the tone of their damnation – regular and irregular, swift and lazy, stern and humorous. When the spotlight is switched off for a moment, the trio is left mumbling together in a ghastly mummified glow, a hellish triptych in a bourgeois inferno. Mr. Beckett takes about twelve minutes to complete this eerie tableau, thus proving what a deft poet he is; and he is deftly served by Alan Schneider's precise direction, and the flat, droning performances of Frances Sternhagen, Marian Reardon, and Michael Lipton.

Michael Cacoyannis has directed his production of *The Trojan Women* as if it were a stately tragic dance, succeeding most admirably with his corps de ballet. The Chorus makes its first entrance, shadowgraphed against a rectangular cyclorama, gliding down stairs to the accompaniment of Jean Prodromides' sterterous music, and for the rest of the evening it creates wonderful abstract patterns of grief and wretchedness. Because this is the finest American production of a Greek tragedy that I have seen, and so profoundly rewarding visually, I hesitate to mention that the individual performers do not always maintain the intensity required by their roles. Perhaps Euripides' play is too emotionally demanding – it is one sustained dirge. Perhaps Americans have nothing in their experience equivalent to the agony of Troy. Mildred Dunnock, though too bird-like for that titaness of sorrow, Hecuba, comes the closest to suggesting the harrowing depths of the play. And when she finally accuses the heavens – "God! Why do I call to you? You never answer!" – the moment is doleful and elegiac in the extreme.

ROBERT BRUSTEIN

WHERE IS THAT BOOK?

Don't fret—We can get any out-of-print books you need, and fast. Our Book-Lures hunt out all your wanted book lore. Free world-wide search. Send your lists to—

BOOK-LURES
P.O. BOX 422-R
CALDWELL, NEW JERSEY

Correspondence

Money for Artists

Sirs:

Robert Evett's article, "Passing out Money Among Artists," (Jan. 18) makes valid points about the conditions involved in the Ford Foundation grant for ballet. But his conclusion, that he "would rather have the Ford Foundation being unfair to Martha Graham than to have a lot of Congressmen subpoenaing dancers to find out if they believe in God," hardly follows in context, and is, in any event, misleading in impression.

L'EXPRESS

The leading liberal newspaper in France today.
Send 25c for your sample copy.
Howard Publications
7th floor
132 West 43rd Street
New York 36, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mr. Evett points out that Ford Foundation money is in effect government money, and in this he is correct, because of the tax structure that created foundations. What he fails to point out is that in no way do the people of the United States have any control over how this money is distributed, and although howls of protest may bring about second thoughts among the Foundation trustees, the trustees are not obligated to respond in any way to these protests.

Actually, the legislation that has been presented to the Congress in recent years for government support of the arts has been most carefully drawn to avoid the very thing Mr. Evett professes to fear: that the government might go in for disbursing funds directly and be taken over by cliques and factions. A system of checks and balances, in the best tradition of American politics, has been incorporated in the legislation, and while its administration, like any administration of any activity anywhere, might possibly fall into the wrong hands, by Mr. Evett's lights or anyone else's, the chances of its remaining so for long periods of time are unlikely.

Perhaps it's time for *The New Republic* to make a serious study of what is actually contained in legislation proposed for the arts, including a bill for a National Arts Foundation that recently passed the Senate unanimously. The results will be enlightening, and they may even encourage you to throw your support behind such legislation.

Elihu Winer
New York, N. Y.

FAST GROWING AFFILIATE of American Civil Liberties Union seeking executive director to assume responsibility for all activities in state of New Jersey. Send resume to Emil Oxfeld, 744 Broad Street, Newark, N.J.

SUBTLE HUMOR on "FOOD" LABELS. Connoisseur Rumdum Plums, Hairy Mold Spores, etc. 7 different gummed labels, 3 colored, imprinted "contents," standard sizes, $1.00. Fun-Labels, 11005 Arbuckle, Mission Hills, California.

"TEACH ABROAD," a narrative report about overseas teaching opportunities. Contains information about openings, salaries, living conditions, as well as where to apply and sample resume form. Send $2 to Benmark Books, P.O. Box 5238, Seattle, Washington 98107.

PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SERVICES, 8x10 $1.20. Write for comprehensive price listings. Omega, 603 West Main, Urbana, Illinois.

MIMEOGRAPH Machines: New, efficient, durable, guaranteed machines, $48 and $85 plus shipping (under $5). Information from Emory Burton, Rt. 8, Jasper, Alabama.

NEWSWEEK, 40 weeks $3.65; SATURDAY REVIEW, 48 weeks $3.88; HOLIDAY, 2 years $5.95. Other rates, Pollocks Magazine Service, Little Silver, New Jersey.

UNUSUAL STONE HOME in New Mexico mountain village; near ski areas; sunshine all day every day. Walter, 209 58th Street N.W., Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"CHICAGO AT NIGHT" Four beautiful color slides $1.00 P.P. 25c for catalog and sample slide. Erler Camera, 1540 E. 83rd Street, Chicago, Illinois, 60619.

"GOLDWATER IN 1864!" Fluorescent bumper stickers 25c or 5/$1.00. Demo-Stix, Box 310-W, 2414 Pierce, Nashville 12, Tennessee.

20 BEAUTIFUL BLACK & WHITE WALLET SIZE prints and 1 5x7 in folder—$3.00 postpaid; made from any slide, negative or photo. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Camera, 1540 East 83rd Street, Chicago 19, Illinois.

CONTACT, the courageous anti-apartheid newspaper in South Africa needs funds to carry on; will you help? Send contributions to: Contact, P.O. Box 1979, Capetown, South Africa.

BRITISH SHOES FOR GENTLEMEN at a fraction of their American retail price! $10.95 includes duty and import charges. Delivery in ten days from receipt of order. Money back guarantee. Write for free illustrated catalogue. Steven Williams, Jr., Ltd., 40 Chatham Road, Short Hills, New Jersey.

THE HUMANIST relies only upon himself and is concerned with *this* life. He accepts the responsibility of working to perfect the world. Are there reasons why humanists should join the American Humanist Association? Literature available. Dept. NR 1, Humanist House, Yellow Springs, Ohio.

YEAR OF TRIAL: Kennedy's Crucial Decisions, by Helen Fuller, available through The New Republic. Special price $4.75. Address: Book Department, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington 36, D. C.

AUTOGRAPHS, documents, and letters of famous persons wanted. Immediate cash payment. Ernest Fackler, Concordia, 6534 Leo Road, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

"Fe S_2=FOOL'S GOLD" and three other anti-Goldwater automobile stickers, $2. Eight for $3.50, twelve for $5. Stickers, 801 Security Building, Roswell, New Mexico.

FOR ANTIQUARIANS still shooting black and white films, finest quality enlargements 5x7—33c, 8x10—42c, 11x14—95c, 16x20—$2.50. Please add postage. Foto Portrait Co., 1173 Ogden Ave., New York 10452.

GANDHI'S WRITINGS. 80 titles available. Autobiography, $1. Constructive Program, 20c. Pacifism, 55c. Communism, 10c. Satyagraha in South Africa, $1.50. Health, 25c. Greenleaf Books, Raymond, N.H.

"LETTY ITA SPEAKS," "Query," "You, I, Him, Me," "Conclusions," Doodlers Analysis, 25c each. Box 1778, G.P.O., N.Y.C.

EXPERIMENT WITH "SLEEP-LEARNING." Self-hypnosis. Use your phonograph, recorder. Fascinating, educational. Details free. Sleep-Learning Research Association, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

SUMMERLANE SCHOOL AND CAMP. "An American Summerhill." Box 26R, Mileses, New York.

SILENCE THOSE AGGRESSIVE HUCKSTERS! — Minimize commercial brain-washing! Silence commercials with simple device. Illustrated "do-it-yourself" instructions plus safety resistor, 25c; complete kit, including switch, wire and safety resistor, $1.50 The Silencer, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley 1, California.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK AND WHITE 8x10 ENLARGEMENT from any photo, negative or slide—$2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed. Erler Cameras, 1540 E. 83rd St., Chicago, Illinois 60619.

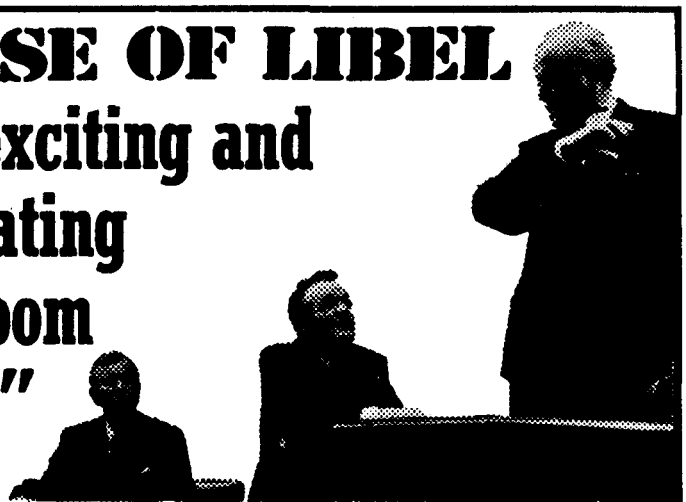
NEW TEENAGE SUMMER PROGRAM develops greater self-confidence, improved work habits, better use of leisure. Write Shaker Village, P.O. Box 1149N, Pittsfield, Mass.

"WILL FORMS." Two will forms and book on wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms, Box 48313NR, Los Angeles 48, Calif.

YOUNG MAN, University of Chicago grad, seeks position Chicago area in communications field. All editorial, journalistic skills, wide interests. Box 30, NR, 1244 19th St. N.W., Washington, D. C.

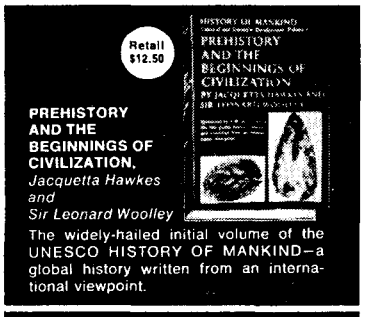
Printed by National Publishing Co.
301 N St., N.E., Washington 2, D. C.

"A CASE OF LIBEL is an exciting and stimulating courtroom drama."
—TAUBMAN, TIMES



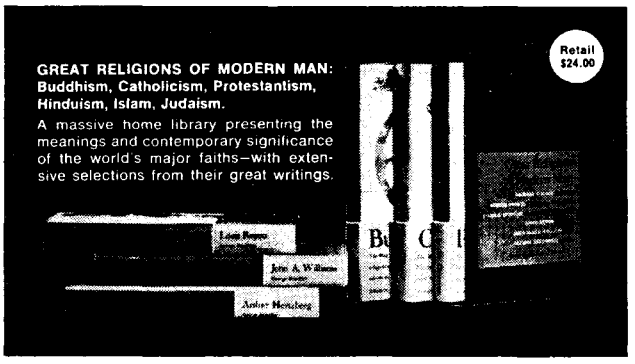
LONGACRE THEA. W. 48 St. Cir 6-5639 Mats. Wed. & Sat.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



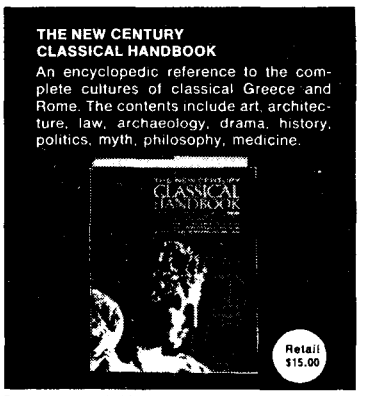
Retail $12.50

PREHISTORY AND THE BEGINNINGS OF CIVILIZATION.
Jacquetta Hawkes and Sir Leonard Woolley
The widely-hailed initial volume of the UNESCO HISTORY OF MANKIND—a global history written from an international viewpoint.



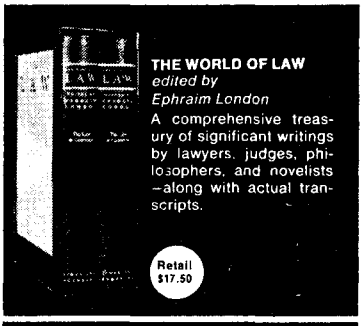
GREAT RELIGIONS OF MODERN MAN: Buddhism, Catholicism, Protestantism, Hinduism, Islam, Judaism.
A massive home library presenting the meanings and contemporary significance of the world's major faiths—with extensive selections from their great writings.

Retail $24.00



THE NEW CENTURY CLASSICAL HANDBOOK
An encyclopedic reference to the complete cultures of classical Greece and Rome. The contents include art, architecture, law, archaeology, drama, history, politics, myth, philosophy, medicine.

Retail $15.00



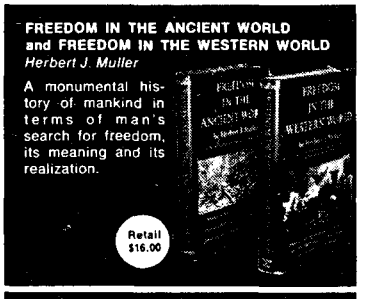
THE WORLD OF LAW
edited by Ephraim London
A comprehensive treasury of significant writings by lawyers, judges, philosophers, and novelists—along with actual transcripts.

Retail $17.50

ANY 2
OF THESE VALUABLE REFERENCE WORKS
FOR ONLY $4.95

(Combined Retail Values Up to $44.00)

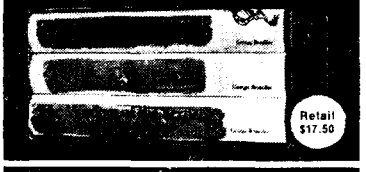
Ranging from the excitement of contemporary drama to a massive set surveying the world's major religions, these distinguished reference volumes—and the outstanding books listed below—are a vivid demonstration of the high quality of selections that The Book Find Club will make available to you as a member. You will recognize them as books of current interest and lasting value. What is more, you may have the Book Find Club selections you want at savings as high as 40%. Then, when your introductory agreement is completed, you will be entitled to choose a free bonus book after every third selection that you take. Why not take advantage of this exceptional opportunity today? And accept any two of these valuable reference works for only $4.95, as your introduction to the many benefits of membership in The Book Find Club.



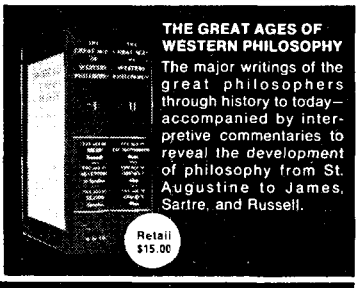
FREEDOM IN THE ANCIENT WORLD and FREEDOM IN THE WESTERN WORLD
Herbert J. Muller
A monumental history of mankind in terms of man's search for freedom, its meaning and its realization.

Retail $16.00

PATTERNS OF MYTH
Alan Watts, General Editor
Alpha: The Myths of Creation, *by Charles H. Long.* **The Wisdom of the Serpent:** The Myths of Death, Rebirth, and Resurrection, *by Joseph L. Henderson & Maude Oakes.* **The Two Hands of God:** The Myths of Polarity, *by Alan Watts.* Major themes on the myths of human experience presented in authoritative texts, extensive source readings, and illustrations.



Retail $17.50

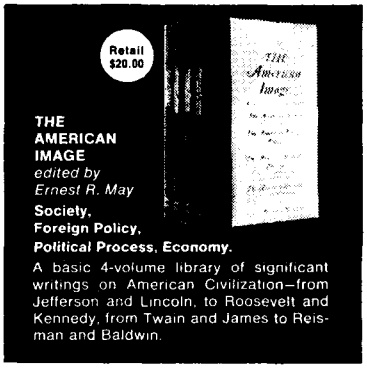


THE GREAT AGES OF WESTERN PHILOSOPHY
The major writings of the great philosophers through history to today—accompanied by interpretive commentaries to reveal the development of philosophy from St. Augustine to James, Sartre, and Russell.

Retail $15.00

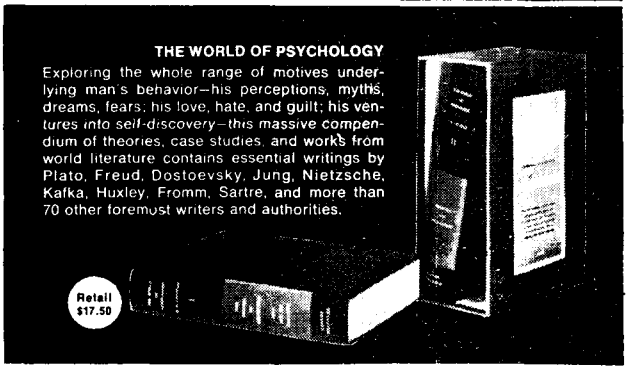
MASTERS OF MODERN DRAMA
45 great modern plays, from Strindberg to Beckett and Ionesco. Illustrated.

Retail $14.95



Retail $20.00

THE AMERICAN IMAGE
edited by Ernest R. May
Society, Foreign Policy, Political Process, Economy.
A basic 4-volume library of significant writings on American Civilization—from Jefferson and Lincoln, to Roosevelt and Kennedy, from Twain and James to Reisman and Baldwin.



THE WORLD OF PSYCHOLOGY
Exploring the whole range of motives underlying man's behavior—his perceptions, myths, dreams, fears; his love, hate, and guilt; his ventures into self-discovery—this massive compendium of theories, case studies, and works from world literature contains essential writings by Plato, Freud, Dostoevsky, Jung, Nietzsche, Kafka, Huxley, Fromm, Sartre, and more than 70 other foremost writers and authorities.

Retail $17.50

OUTSTANDING RECENT SELECTIONS

Saint Genet: *Actor and Martyr,* Jean-Paul Sartre. Retail $8.50...Member's price $5.95.

Cat and Mouse, Günter Grass; *and* **Challenge to Affluence,** Gunnar Myrdal. Combined retail price $7.90.....Member's price $5.95.

The American Way of Death, Jessica Mitford. Retail price $4.95. Member's price $3.95.

The Essential Walter Lippmann: *A Political Philosophy for Liberal Democracy.* Editors: Clinton Rossiter & James Lare. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.50.

Memories, Dreams, Reflections, C. G. Jung. Retail $7.50.....Member's price $5.95.

The Vital Balance: *The Life Process in Mental Health and Illness.* Karl Menninger. Retail $10.00. ..... Member's price $6.95.

Culture Against Man, Jules Henry. Retail $7.95. ..... Member's price $5.50.

Eichmann in Jerusalem: *A Report on the Banality of Evil,* Hannah Arendt; *and* **Love Declared:** *Essays on the Myths of Love,* Denis de Rougemont. Combined retail price $10.00.....Combined member's price $5.95.

The City in History, Lewis Mumford. Retail $11.50.....Member's price $6.95.

Sex, Culture and Myth, *Bronislaw Malinowski.* Retail $6.95. Member's price $5.50.

The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell. Retail $10.00.....Member's price $5.95.

Identity and Anxiety: *Survival of the Person in Mass Society.* Including Mead, Orwell, Rosenberg, Howe, Richards, Gorer, Jaspers, Mills, and more. Retail $7.50. ..... Member's price $4.95.

The Masks of God: *Oriental Mythology,* Joseph Campbell. Retail $7.50. .....Member's price $5.50.

THE BOOK FIND CLUB, INC.

215 Park Avenue South, New York, New York 10003

You may enroll me and send the 2 reference works indicated below for only $4.95 (plus postage and handling). I agree to buy four additional selections or alternates from the wide range of books that will be made available to me in the coming year at substantial savings. When I do not want the current selection—or prefer to order another book—I may do so on the convenient form provided for this purpose. I may cancel my membership at any time after purchasing the four additional books.

Reference works 1 _____

2 _____

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss .....
Please print full name

Address .....

City .....State.....Zip Code.....

B63-129

(Same offer & prices apply in Canada: 105 Bond St., Toronto 2, Ont.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED